



## VAMPIRE OF THE MIND

by Justin Richards

**THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER**  
Time traveller.

**THE MASTER: ALEX MACQUEEN**  
More subdued, cold and malevolent than usual; he has the mind of his former 'decayed' incarnation in his 'new' body. Masquerading as Dr Damien Scott, a research scientist at the Dominus Institute.

**HEATHER THREADSTONE:**  
Daughter of the Doctor's friend Professor Threadstone, and a scientist in her own right. Late 20s.

**PROFESSOR THREADSTONE:**  
An old scientist friend of the Doctor's. Getting on a bit.

**SIR ANDREW GOBERNAR:**  
Head of the Dominus Institute. Middle-aged. Under the Master's hypnotic influence.

**MIND LEACH: (also LANDLADY)**  
A female alien mind-vampire, held prisoner by the Master and forced to 'eat' people's memories and experience.

**BOATMAN: (also SECURITY GUARD)**  
A local who ferries people to and from the mainland for the Dominus institute. Secretly working for the (other) Master.

**ALSO: BLANK [MAKELING] (M, 50s-60s); OTHER BLANKS.**

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**1. EXT. THREADSTONE'S HOUSE - DAY**

(FADE IN:

(FX: THE DOCTOR WALKS UP TO THE FRONT DOOR.)

**DOCTOR**

TO HIMSELF

Number 19, here we are.

(FX: HE PRESSES THE DOORBELL - WE HEAR IT RING INSIDE THE HOUSE. HE RINGS IT AGAIN. SEVERAL TIMES.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

CALLING

Hello? Anyone there? Professor? Come on - put those equations down. It's your old friend the Doctor...

(FX: MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS FROM INSIDE AS SOMEONE COMES TO THE DOOR.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

TO HIMSELF

And if I've got my dates right, I'm wearing a face you'll actually recognise.

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS.)

**HEATHER**

RECOGNITION

Hello!

**DOCTOR**

SURPRISED

Oh. I was looking for Professor Threadstone. Noted computer scientist and researcher.

**HEATHER**

I'm afraid he's away at the moment. Can I help?

**DOCTOR**

Well, I'm not sure. I'm an old friend of the Professor's...

**HEATHER**

The Doctor, yes.

**DOCTOR**

You know me?

**HEATHER**

You're hard to forget. It's lovely to see you again, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

I'm afraid you have me at a disadvantage, Miss...?

**HEATHER**

I'm Heather. Heather Threadstone?

**DOCTOR**

Heather? The Professor's daughter?

**HEATHER**

That's right. It's years since you were last here.

**DOCTOR**

It must be. You were in pigtails with a brace on your teeth. And now...

**HEATHER**

Now I'm all grown up.

**DOCTOR**

It's later than I thought.

**HEATHER**

I'm sorry, do you have to rush off?

**DOCTOR**

Oh no, no. Not that sort of 'later'. I have all the time in the world.

**HEATHER**

Then will you come in and have a cup of tea?

**DOCTOR**

That would be delightful.

(FX: THEY GO INSIDE AND CLOSE THE DOOR.)

FADE OUT:

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**2. INT. THREADSTONE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

(FADE IN:

FX: HEATHER ENTERS AND PUTS MUGS OF TEA DOWN ON A TABLE.)

**HEATHER**

There you are.

**DOCTOR**

Most kind.

(FX: THE DOCTOR TAKES A SWIG.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

There's nothing quite like a good hot mug of tea.

**HEATHER**

Biscuit?

**DOCTOR**

Best not. — So, is your father away for long?

**HEATHER**

To be honest, I don't know. He's gone to California.

**DOCTOR**

Holiday or business?

**HEATHER**

Neither really. He's trying to find a friend of his. Arthur Makeling.

**DOCTOR**

I don't think I know him.

**HEATHER**

Another researcher. Dad and Arthur have been friends since university. A few months ago Dad had a message that Arthur was off to California, and he's heard nothing since.

**DOCTOR**

Well, he's probably just having a holiday.

**HEATHER**

I hope so. Only, Arthur doesn't like travelling and hates flying. No-one else seems to have heard from him either.

**DOCTOR**

I see.

(FX: A PHONE STARTS TO RING OUT IN THE HALLWAY.)

**HEATHER**

Excuse me while I get that, would you?

**DOCTOR**

Of course.

(FX: HEATHER EXITS.)

CUT TO:

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**3. INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: HEATHER ANSWERS THE PHONE.)

**HEATHER**

Hello? ... No, I'm afraid he's away at the moment, can I help? ... Oh, sorry Lucy, I didn't recognise your voice. It's not a great line, is it? ... I see. Well, I can ask him next time he calls, but I've no idea when that will be...

CUT TO:

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**4. INT. THREADSTONE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS DRINKING TEA AND EATING BISCUITS.)

**DOCTOR**

TO HIMSELF

Perhaps just one custard cream...

(FX: HEATHER RETURNS.)

**HEATHER**

Sorry about that.

**DOCTOR**

Everything all right?

**HEATHER**

I'm not sure. That was Lucy Hankin. She works for Doctor Albrecht.

**DOCTOR**

Another of your father's friends?

**HEATHER**

More of an acquaintance. But she wanted to know if Dad has heard from him. I guess she's already asked Albrecht's closer friends and colleagues.

**DOCTOR**

Another missing scientist?

**HEATHER**

Yes.

**DOCTOR**

It could be just a coincidence, of course.

**HEATHER**

DUBIOUS

It could...

**DOCTOR**

You don't seem convinced.

**HEATHER**

Two scientists Dad knows might have just gone away and not kept in touch for a few weeks. But Lucy isn't the first person to call because they've not heard from someone.

**DOCTOR**

Really?

**HEATHER**

I've heard of other scientists who've gone missing, too.

**DOCTOR**

That sounds rather more suspicious. Is there a connection between them?

**HEATHER**

Not that I can think of. I mean, each case isn't suspicious in itself. But they've all supposedly gone off on a trip abroad, leaving only vague details of where they're off to or when they'll be back.

**DOCTOR**

And none of them have been in contact since?

**HEATHER**

That's right.

**DOCTOR**

So your father followed this Arthur Makeling to California to try to find out what's going on.

**HEATHER**

That was over a week ago. Last time he called, Dad said he couldn't find any trace of him. Arthur's not contacted any of their mutual friends or colleagues there. I just don't know what to do, if anything.

**DOCTOR**

There's always something you can do. We just need to work out what it is. Do you have a list of the missing scientists?

**HEATHER**

The ones I know about, yes. But there could well be more of them.

**DOCTOR**

It's a start.

**HEATHER**

I've got some notes in Dad's study. Bring your tea.

(FX: THEY EXIT.)

FADE OUT:

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**5. INT. PUB - DAY**

(FADE IN:

FX: TYPICAL PUB BACKGROUND. IT'S NOT ESPECIALLY BUSY, BUT PEOPLE DRINKING AND CHATTING.

THREADSTONE ENTERS AND GOES TO THE BAR.)

**LANDLADY**

And what can I get you?

**THREADSTONE**

Oh just an orange juice, I think, thank you. A bit early in the day for anything stronger.

FX: THE LANDLADY POURS HIS JUICE.

**LANDLADY**

You enjoy your walk around the island, Mr Jones?

**THREADSTONE**

(NOT IMMEDIATELY REMEMBERING HE IS 'JONES')

Sorry? Oh yes. Yes, very much, thank you. Lovely day for it.

FX: DRINK ON COUNTER.

**LANDLADY**

There you are.

**THREADSTONE**

Thank you. Can I put it on my bill?

**LANDLADY**

Of course. The room's all right, I hope?

**THREADSTONE**

Very pleasant, thank you.

**LANDLADY**

It's not often we have people to stay. Not that much to do around here.

**THREADSTONE**

Apart from walking.

**LANDLADY**

Walking. Yes. - Is there anything else I can do for you?

**THREADSTONE**

There was one thing I wanted to ask you about...

**LANDLADY**

Yes?

**THREADSTONE**

While I was out, I saw a building. A couple of miles away, up on the cliffs. Looked like an old castle, but it was all fenced off so I couldn't get close enough to see properly.

**LANDLADY**

Just as well. That's not somewhere you want to go wandering about.

**THREADSTONE**

Really? Why?

FADE OUT:

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**6. INT. THREADSTONE'S STUDY - DAY**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR IS TYPING AWAY AT A COMPUTER.)

**HEATHER**

What's that?

**DOCTOR**

It's the US Immigration list of people who have entered the country in the last three months. Now, if we narrow that to the week when your friend Arthur Makeling was supposed to have arrived..

(FX: MORE TYPING, AND A 'PING' FROM THE COMPUTER.)

**HEATHER**

I didn't realise that anyone could look at the immigration records.

**DOCTOR**

They can't. The records are encrypted and on a secure system. A very secure system. It takes a genius to access them from outside.

**HEATHER**

A genius? Is that all?

**DOCTOR**

Well, a very special sort of genius. And...

(FX: ANOTHER 'PING' FROM THE COMPUTER.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Yes - there we are. You see?

**HEATHER**

But there's nothing. The screen's blank.

**DOCTOR**

Exactly. There is no record of anyone called Arthur Makeling entering the U.S. in that week.

**HEATHER**

But, that means...

**DOCTOR**

It means that wherever your friend is, he's not in California. Not even in the United States.

**HEATHER**

Then, where is he?

**DOCTOR**

Where indeed? Perhaps he's with these other scientists, wherever they are.

(FX: THE DOCTOR LEAFS THROUGH PAPERS.)

**HEATHER**

But what's the connection?

**DOCTOR**

What indeed? Whatever it is, it's not obvious. They're different ages, different backgrounds, different geographical locations.

**HEATHER**

And very different disciplines too.

**DOCTOR**

Exactly. There's no pattern so far as I can see.

**HEATHER**

So what now?

**DOCTOR**

Now we find the pattern that we can't see. There must be something. If we find out all we can about each scientist in turn, maybe we'll spot it. You fire up that laptop over there, and we'll take half the list each.

**HEATHER**

And what are we looking for?

**DOCTOR**

Something in their background. Maybe their education or their personal life, who knows? But there has to be a link.

(FX: THE DOCTOR HANDS HEATHER SEVERAL SHEETS OF PAPER. THEN HE RETURNS TO TYPING.)

FADE OUT:

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**7. INT. PUB - EVENING**

(FADE IN:

FX: AS BEFORE, BUT A BIT BUSIER NOW WITH PEOPLE CHATTING AND DRINKING.)

**THREADSTONE**

Haunted?!

**LANDLADY**

That's the story. The place has been empty for years. Ever since the government moved out. Must be halfway to falling down by now.

**THREADSTONE**

So you don't believe the stories?

**LANDLADY**

I didn't say that. It was always a weird place. It's not a real castle, you know.

**THREADSTONE**

What do you mean, 'not real'?

**LANDLADY**

It's more recent. A folly or something.

**THREADSTONE**

But old enough to interest ghosts.

**LANDLADY**

So they say.

**THREADSTONE**

And what sort of ghosts are we talking about? Clanking chains and bed sheets complete with 'woo-woo' noises?

**LANDLADY**

You can laugh, if you want. But there's quite a few of the locals have seen strange things up there.

**THREADSTONE**

Go on.

**LANDLADY**

Well, old Derek says he's seen lights at the windows. And a few of the younger lads who work on the fishing boats, they went up there one night for a dare.

**THREADSTONE**

After a few drinks in here, no doubt.

**LANDLADY**

Goes without saying. But they were in a fine state when they got back. Reckoned they'd seen... figures.

**THREADSTONE**

Just figures?

**LANDLADY**

Pale as corpses, they said. Wandering about – in a trance, like. Maybe they've been watching too many zombie movies. But from the state they were in, they saw something.

**THREADSTONE**

Did they indeed.

**LANDLADY**

Since then, you'll be lucky to find anyone who'll go near the place after dark.

**THREADSTONE**

I'm not surprised.

**LANDLADY**

Not that you can get close to it, as you saw, what with the fences and the barbed wire to keep everyone out.

**THREADSTONE**

TO HIMSELF

Or to keep something in, perhaps...

**LANDLADY**

What's that, Mr Jones?

**THREADSTONE**

Oh, just thinking aloud. Are you still doing food, by any chance?

**LANDLADY**

Of course. Let me get you the menu.

FADE OUT:

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**8. INT. THREADSTONE'S STUDY - LATER**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER BOTH TYPING AT COMPUTERS.)

**DOCTOR**

Got it!

**HEATHER**

You've found the connection?

**DOCTOR**

I think I have. You'll have to tell me if it's the same with the ones you've looked at, but every one of these scientists has spent time working for something called the Dominus Institute.

**HEATHER**

The Dominus Institute. Let me check my notes.

(FX: SHE CHECKS THROUGH PAGES OF NOTES.)

**DOCTOR**

Well?

**HEATHER**

You're right. They've all been to Dominus. You think that's significant?

**DOCTOR**

Don't you?

**HEATHER**

It's a well-known and respected research institute. You'd expect a good number of them to have been there.

**DOCTOR**

But all of them? No, I think there's more to it than that. Tell me about the Dominus Institute.

**HEATHER**

I don't know much. Dad's never been, I do know that.

**DOCTOR**

So what do you know?

**HEATHER**

It was set up a while ago, by an anonymous benefactor. It provides research facilities and funding to scientists who want to pursue projects outside the usual academic or industrial channels.

**DOCTOR**

Interesting. So does it just provide funding, or is it an actual place?

**HEATHER**

The institute itself is on an island somewhere off the south coast. It's inside a converted military installation. But I don't know much more than that.

**DOCTOR**

Except that all our missing scientists recently received funding from Dominus.

**HEATHER**

And worked there. If you get funding, you have to work at their facility, I do know that. They'll have a website. Hold on a minute. (AS SHE TYPES) You really think this Institute might be the connection?

**DOCTOR**

I can't be certain. But I confess that the name of the place worries me rather. Dominus.

**HEATHER**

It's just a name. It's Latin.

**DOCTOR**

Yes, I know. It could be another coincidence, but 'dominus' is Latin for 'master'.

**HEATHER**

Is that important?

**DOCTOR**

Honestly? I don't know. But I certainly hope not. Is that their website?

**HEATHER**

Yes. There's a page of upcoming events.

**DOCTOR**

Are they having a barbecue?

**HEATHER**

No.

**DOCTOR**

Pity. I like barbecues.

**HEATHER**

But they are holding an exhibition of their current projects.

**DOCTOR**

Now that's more like it. When?

**HEATHER**

This week. In fact, it starts tomorrow at the Rolenka Exhibition Centre here in London.



**DOCTOR**

Let me see... Yes... With an inaugural address by Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of the Dominus Institute, Sir Andrew Gobernar.

**HEATHER**

You think we should go?

**DOCTOR**

I most certainly do.

**HEATHER**

Hang on, let me... Oh.

**DOCTOR**

What is it?

**HEATHER**

Well there's a button to book tickets. But it says they've sold out.

**DOCTOR**

In that case, I shall need to borrow your telephone.

**HEATHER**

If they've sold out on the website, they won't have any left to sell over the phone.

**DOCTOR**

I'm not going to buy tickets.

**HEATHER**

Then what are you going to do?

**DOCTOR**

I'm going to phone UNIT. I'm sure they can get us in. Probably as VIPs. And quite right too. You weren't doing anything in particular tomorrow, were you?

**HEATHER**

Apparently not.

**DOCTOR**

Good.

**HEATHER**

You'll be wanting to stay the night, then?

**DOCTOR**

Well – yes, I suppose so.

**HEATHER**

Alright. You call your contacts at UNIT, I'll make up the spare room.

FADE OUT:

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**9. INT. EXHIBITION CENTRE FOYER - DAY**

(FADE IN:

FX: A BUSY AREA WITH PEOPLE BUSTLING PAST, SHOWING THEIR PASSES/TICKETS ETC.)

**DOCTOR**

You'd think they'd have a special way in for VIPs.

**HEATHER**

I think we just go with the flow.

**DOCTOR**

Go with the flow?!

**HEATHER**

We can show our passes at the security scanner.

**DOCTOR**

I suppose so. If we must. Come along then.

(FX: THEY HEAD OVER TO THE SCANNER.)

**SECURITY GUARD**

Can I see your tickets please?

**DOCTOR**

Not tickets. Passes. VIP passes. Here you are. For me and Miss Threadstone.

**HEATHER**

Doctor Threadstone.

**DOCTOR**

I'm so sorry, I didn't realise. Following in your father's footsteps, eh?

**SECURITY GUARD**

That's fine, thank you. Now – if you could just empty your pockets before you pass through the scanner.

**DOCTOR**

Empty my pockets?

**SECURITY GUARD**

Wallet, keys, coins – all in the tray. And your handbag too, please, miss.

(FX: THE DOCTOR EMPTIES HIS POCKETS. HE HAS A LOT IN THEM AND THIS CONTINUES THROUGH THE FOLLOWING:)

**DOCTOR**

This could take a while.

**HEATHER**

Can you tell us where the opening address will be?

**SECURITY GUARD**

Main hall, on your left past the doors.

**HEATHER**

Thank you.

**DOCTOR**

Do you have another tray? This one seems to be full.

(FX: THE GUARD PRODUCES ANOTHER TRAY.)

**SECURITY GUARD**

Though if you're expecting to hear from Sir Andrew Gobernar, I'm afraid you'll be disappointed.

**DOCTOR**

Oh? And why's that?

**SECURITY GUARD**

He's ill, apparently. Got some chap from the Royal Institute instead.

(FX: THE DOCTOR FINISHES EMPTYING HIS POCKETS.)

**SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)**

Is that everything?

**DOCTOR**

I think so.

**SECURITY GUARD**

Then if you'd walk through the scanner, please? One at a time.

**DOCTOR**

After you.

**HEATHER**

Thank you.

(FX: HEATHER WALKS THROUGH THE SCANNER. IT DOESN'T REACT.)

**SECURITY GUARD**

Now you, sir.

**DOCTOR**

This is a complete waste of time, you know. You saw me empty my pockets.

**SECURITY GUARD**

Even so.

**DOCTOR**

Oh very well.

(FX: THE DOCTOR WALKS THROUGH THE SCANNER.

ALARMS GO OFF.)

FADE OUT:

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10. INT. EXHIBITION CENTRE MAIN HALL - DAY

(FADE IN:

FX: A BUSY EXHIBITION HALL WITH PEOPLE MILLING ABOUT. THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ARE IN THE THICK OF IT.)

**HEATHER**

I wasn't sure they were going to let you in after that.

**DOCTOR**

Oh nonsense. It was just the TARDIS key. I wasn't about to hand that over to a complete stranger. Anyway, now we're here perhaps we can find out what scared this Gobernar chap off.

**HEATHER**

Perhaps he really is ill. It does happen.

**DOCTOR**

I think it's highly suspicious.

**HEATHER**

But why would Gobernar cancel if he didn't have to?

**DOCTOR**

Perhaps he saw my name on the VIP list.

**HEATHER**

John Smith? I bet you there are at least a dozen other people here called John Smith. Anyway, that's not even your real name.  
(WONDERING) What is your real name...?

**DOCTOR**

That is beside the point. Still, while we're here we may as well look round.

**HEATHER**

Stand Forty-Seven B. That looks interesting.

**DOCTOR**

UNIMPRESSED

Trying to create a non-flux conducting polymer for use in micro-circuits? It'll never work. Well, not unless they recalibrate the neutrino coupling and use an osmotic membrane to separate the filaments.

**HEATHER**

How about over there? 'Transitional materials analysis with a view to non-fragmentary extrapolation', according to the brochure?

**DOCTOR**

(YAWNS LOUDLY)

**HEATHER**

All right. What about this? 'Memory access, storage, and reallocation'?

**DOCTOR**

More computers.

**HEATHER**

No, I think it's human memory.

**DOCTOR**

INTERESTED

Really? Now that would be interesting.

**HEATHER**

LOW

At last.

**DOCTOR**

Well come along, let's take a look.

FADE OUT:

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11. INT. EXHIBITION CENTRE MAIN HALL — MOMENTS LATER

(FADE IN:

(FX: DOCTOR AND HEATHER APPROACH THE STAND.

DAMIEN IS JUST FINISHING WITH ANOTHER ATTENDEE.

NOTE THAT ALTHOUGH HE IS MASQUERADING AS DAMIEN, WE SHALL REFER TO HIM THROUGHOUT AS THE MASTER.)

**MASTER**

Send an email to the address on the leaflet, if you wish to be updated on further developments.

(FX: THE ATTENDEE MOVES OFF, AND THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER TAKE THEIR PLACE.)

**MASTER (CONT'D)**

Can I help you?

**DOCTOR**

Yes, I was wondering if you could give us a brief overview of your work, er, Mister...?

**MASTER**

Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

Yes?

**MASTER**

I am a doctor.

**DOCTOR**

Oh. Right. Yes.

**MASTER**

Doctor Damien Scott.

**DOCTOR**

Delighted. I'm Doctor John Smith, and this is...

**HEATHER**

Doctor Heather Threadstone. How do you do?

**MASTER**

What a lot of doctors.

**HEATHER**

I think it's that sort of party.

**DOCTOR**

So what is it that you're researching, Doctor Scott?

**MASTER**

As you can see from the display boards, our research is psychological in nature.

**HEATHER**

Into human memory.

**MASTER**

Indeed. We wish to assess the nature of memory, and determine whether or not memories may be saved.

**DOCTOR**

And can they?

**MASTER**

Our research suggests it is possible.

**DOCTOR**

And what do you do with the memories then?

**MASTER**

Our ultimate goal is to find a way to reload those memories into the human brain.

**HEATHER**

To give people other people's experiences? Is that a good idea?

**MASTER**

If I gave you a brain surgeon's memories and experiences, then you too could be a brain surgeon. But in minutes rather than years.

**HEATHER**

I suppose so.

**MASTER**

There are other applications.

**DOCTOR**

Such as? Browsing other people's psyches for the sake of – what, entertainment?

**MASTER**

Potentially. But one might also archive memories and save them for future generations.

**DOCTOR**

You could put historians out of a job.

**MASTER**

But a rather more immediate and beneficial application would be the treatment of amnesia and dementia.



**DOCTOR**

Yes, I can see that might be of value. Well, thank you so much for your time.

**MASTER**

There are fact sheets and leaflets, should you require further information?

**HEATHER**

Thank you.

**MASTER**

Not at all.

(FX: HEATHER TAKES LEAFLETS AND SHEETS AND THEY MOVE ON.)

FADE OUT:

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12. INT. THREADSTONE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ARE AGAIN DRINKING TEA.)

**HEATHER**

Well, I thought that was quite interesting.

**DOCTOR**

A complete and utter waste of time.

**HEATHER**

You're still miffed that Gobernar didn't show up.

**DOCTOR**

Possibly. It served only to convince me that we need to investigate further.

**HEATHER**

Investigate what?

**DOCTOR**

The Dominus Institute, of course. We need to be on the inside.

**HEATHER**

How? If you're right and they are behind the disappearances, they're not likely just to invite us in to visit, are th-[ey?] (BREAKS OFF)  
Ohh, I get it. You're going to call UNIT again.

**DOCTOR**

It's one thing to, in the common vernacular, "blag a freebie" to an Expo. It's quite another to call in the hulking might of an international taskforce on little more than a hunch. No, I've a far more elegant notion.

**HEATHER**

And that is...?

**DOCTOR**

We apply to the Dominus Institute for funding.

**HEATHER**

Seriously?!

**DOCTOR**

Seriously. And when we get it...

**HEATHER**

If we get it.

**DOCTOR**

When we get it, they'll invite us to their facility. We just need to find out how to apply.

**HEATHER**

Easy. There's a page on their website.

**DOCTOR**

Then what are we waiting for?

FADE OUT:

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13. **EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - DAY**

(FX: THREADSTONE PUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH UNDERGROWTH. HE FINDS A GOOD VANTAGE POINT AND SETTLES DOWN.

HE STARTS A RECORDER APP ON HIS PHONE.)

**THREADSTONE**

Right, hopefully this thing is recording. There's no phone signal, but that shouldn't affect the recorder app... I found a point where the perimeter fence had been pretty much flattened by bushes and shrubs growing over it. Now I'm just inside with a good view of the castle. Well, as good as dusk will allow. There's nothing happening at the moment... No, wait, there's a light in one of the windows! Yes, someone's in, that's for certain. I'll see if I can get a closer view.

(FX: THREADSTONE PUSHES THROUGH MORE UNDERGROWTH.)

**THREADSTONE (CONT'D)**

There's a figure. Several figures. Can't quite make them out. I should have brought binoculars. But there is something odd about them. They're moving like - ohh, I don't know. In an unco-ordinated fashion. Like they're in a daze. I'll wait until it gets properly dark, then see if I can get any closer.

FADE OUT:

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14. INT. THREADSTONE'S STUDY - DAY

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR TYPING AT THE COMPUTER. HEATHER TYPING ON HER LAPTOP.)

**DOCTOR**

There we are. And... Submit.

(FX: THE DOCTOR FINISHES TYPING.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Not finished yet, Doctor Threadstone?

**HEATHER**

(STILL TYPING) Nearly there.

**DOCTOR**

I don't know why you're bothering, really.

**HEATHER**

Two applications will give us double the chance of success.

**DOCTOR**

Nonsense. They're sure to accept my application for funding and resources to develop a new super-efficient hydrogen-based fuel cell. Your submission for - what was it again?

**HEATHER**

Refining the conductivity of nano-elements to increase the speed and throughput of micro monolithic circuits.

**DOCTOR**

Hasn't got a chance, I'm afraid.

**HEATHER**

Well we'll soon find out. There, I've finished.

(FX: HEATHER FINISHES TYPING.)

**HEATHER (CONT'D)**

They say they'll get back to us within two hours with an initial response.

**DOCTOR**

Ah well, don't be too disappointed. When they accept my application and turn down yours, you can come along as my assistant.

**HEATHER**

Thanks.

**DOCTOR**

Pleasure.

**HEATHER**

So now we have to wait for two hours.

**DOCTOR**

Just time for another cup of tea.

FADE OUT:

---

**15. EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - NIGHT**

(FX: THREADSTONE EMERGES FROM HIS COVER AND RUNS TOWARDS THE CASTLE. WE GO WITH HIM.)

**THREADSTONE**

There are more of them by the castle entrance. Just standing, like they're waiting for something. They look pale and gaunt. Emaciated. Almost like walking corpses. I don't think I'd better go any - [closer]

(HE BREAKS OFF AS HE IS SPOTTED.)

**BLANK:**

(GRUNT OF WARNING TO THE OTHERS)

**THREADSTONE**

Oh dear, I think one of them's spotted me.

**BLANKS X 3:**

(GROAN FORWARD)

**THREADSTONE**

They're coming this way!

(FX: THEY BLANKS STUMBLE TOWARDS THREADSTONE.)

**BLANKS X 3**

In-tru-der. In-tru-der...

**THREADSTONE**

Time I was going.

**BLANKS X 3**

Chase. Chase. Chase.

**THREADSTONE**

Lucky they're not very quick, whatever they are. Whoever they -

(HE BREAKS OFF AS HE RECOGNISES ONE OF THE BLANKS.)

**THREADSTONE (CONT'D)**

Makeling?

**BLANK [MAKELING]**

Chase intruder.

**THREADSTONE**

Arthur - is that you?

**BLANK [MAKELING]**

Chase chase chase.

**THREADSTONE**

Arthur, what's happened to you? Don't you recognise me?

(FX: THE BLANKS ARE GETTING CLOSER.)

**BLANK [MAKELING]**

Kill intruder.

**BLANKS x 2**

Kill. Kill. Kill.

**THREADSTONE**

Oh, no...!

(FX: THREADSTONE RUNS BACK THE WAY HE CAME. THE BLANKS FOLLOW.)

**BLANKS x 2**

Kill. Kill. Kill.

FADE OUT

---



16. INT. THREADSTONE'S STUDY - EVENING

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER YET AGAIN DRINKING TEA.

A 'PING' FROM THE COMPUTER AS EMAIL ARRIVES.)

**HEATHER**

Another email. That could be it.

**DOCTOR**

Unless it's that young woman in Russia who wants to send me her picture again.

**HEATHER**

Is it?

**DOCTOR**

Let's see... Start saving for your funeral. That's hardly uplifting... Wait, here we are, an email from Dominus Funding Applications. Now we're in business.

**HEATHER**

What's it say?

**DOCTOR**

Dear Doctor Smith, blah blah blah. With reference to blah blah blah... Rejected? Rejected?!

**HEATHER**

Not good news then?

(FX: AN EMAIL 'PING' FROM HEATHER'S LAPTOP.)

**HEATHER (CONT'D)**

Oh hang on, I've got an email too.

**DOCTOR**

How can they possibly have rejected me? I bet they didn't even read my application. Unfortunately, there are no official records of my work that I can refer to - I'm 'above top secret'.

**HEATHER**

Oh well, never mind.

**DOCTOR**

Never mind? That was our one chance to get inside the Dominus Institute and find out what's going on!

**HEATHER**

One of our two chances. I've had an email, too. My application was fast-tracked. It seems I've been accepted.

**DOCTOR**

What?!

**HEATHER**

On a provisional basis. Subject to further demonstration. They're setting up a laboratory for me. It'll be up and running tomorrow.

**DOCTOR**

Let me see that.

**HEATHER**

It's all right, Doctor. Don't be too disappointed. You can come along as my assistant.

CUT TO:

---

17. ISLAND LANDING JETTY - DAY

(FADE IN:

WAVES GENTLY LAPPING. A MOTOR BOAT ARRIVES. THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER CLIMB OUT.)

**DOCTOR**

Terra firma, at last. Thank you, boatman.

**BOATMAN**

Not a born sailor, are you?

**DOCTOR**

I beg your pardon?

**HEATHER**

You were very quiet on the way over.

**DOCTOR**

It wasn't for want of sea legs, I can assure you. No – just as we passing the headland, I had a strange sensation of déjà vu.

**HEATHER**

Like you've been here before?

**DOCTOR**

Like the game was afoot.

**BOATMAN**

Mind yourself on the jetty, miss. I'll pass up your luggage in a minute.

**HEATHER**

(CLIMBING ONTO JETTY) Thank you. – Is it far to the Dominus Institute?

**BOATMAN**

Whole island's only a few miles east to west. But they've sent a car – see?

**DOCTOR**

So they have. How very thoughtful.

(FX: THE BOATMAN HANDS UP A COUPLE OF SUITCASES.)

**BOATMAN**

Is that all your bags?

**HEATHER**

I travel light. He travels even lighter.

**DOCTOR**

Here we are. I'll take those.

**BOATMAN**

You sure.

**DOCTOR**

Oh yes, I can manage.

**BOATMAN**

LOW

I hope so, sir. You be careful now.

**DOCTOR**

I'm sorry? What do you mean?

(FX: THE NEARBY CAR BEEPS ITS HORN.)

**HEATHER**

I think they're getting impatient. Last chance to change your mind, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

I never change my mind. Come along Doctor Threadstone. – Thank you for the ride.

**BOATMAN**

My pleasure, sir. And like I said – you be careful.

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER HEAD FOR THE CAR.)

**BOATMAN (CONT'D)**

LOW, TO HIMSELF

You be very careful... Doctor.

FADE OUT:

---

18. INT. HEATHER'S LABORATORY - DAY

(FADE IN:)

**DOCTOR**

I must say, this lab they've given us appears very well-appointed. Surprisingly sophisticated equipment.

**HEATHER**

This lab they've given me, you mean? – The living quarters aren't bad either. Yours is through there. Not that you've brought any luggage.

**DOCTOR**

I travel light.

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS AND GOBERNAR ENTERS.)

**GOBERNAR**

Hello. You must be Doctor Threadstone?

**HEATHER**

Yes, how do you do.

**GOBERNAR**

Sir Andrew Gobernar. I like to welcome our new colleagues personally.

**HEATHER**

This is my assistant, Doctor John Smith.

**GOBERNAR**

Delighted.

**DOCTOR**

As am I. We heard you were unwell, Sir Andrew...?

**GOBERNAR**

Unwell-? Ah, you mean my non-appearance at the exhibition. Family difficulties, I'm afraid.

**DOCTOR**

(SCEPTICAL) Family difficulties?

**GOBERNAR**

(PEEVED) My sister, as a matter of fact. – I trust you're settling in, Doctor Threadstone? You've got everything you need?

**HEATHER**

Yes, thank you.

**GOBERNAR**

The canteen is closed this week, with most of our people off at the exhibition. In fact there's only you and Doctor Scott here. But it's not far to the pub, and the food there's adequate.

**DOCTOR**

'Gobernar'.

**GOBERNAR**

Yes?

**DOCTOR**

Unusual name.

**GOBERNAR**

Not to me, of course. I've had it a long time.

**DOCTOR**

Have you now? Spanish in origin, I think.

**GOBERNAR**

My great-great-grandfather several times over was from Spain, I believe.

**DOCTOR**

Not from Gallifrey then?

**GOBERNAR**

I don't believe I've heard of it.

**DOCTOR**

Really? You see 'gobernar' is a Spanish word meaning 'to govern or to rule'. A bit like Dominus.

**GOBERNAR**

I'm not following.

**DOCTOR**

Oh, I think you are. Dominus, Gobernar - Master.

**GOBERNAR**

Master?

**DOCTOR**

The Master. Oh don't deny it, I knew at once.

**GOBERNAR**

I'm sorry, but I haven't the faintest notion what you're talking about.

**DOCTOR**

Oh don't give me that...

(HE BREAKS OFF, REALISING)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

No, hang on. You really don't know what I'm talking about, do you?

**GOBERNAR**

Not at all, no.

**DOCTOR**

Then I apologise for confusing you. A slight misunderstanding. Let's shake hands and be friends, shall we?

**GOBERNAR**

Er, yes, fine. If you insist. Well, if you need anything - anything comprehensible, that is - my office is on the next floor. It's well signposted.

**HEATHER**

Thank you.

**GOBERNAR**

Now, I'll leave you to finish settling in.

(FX: GOBERNAR LEAVES, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.)

**HEATHER**

What was that about?

**DOCTOR**

I was so sure... But that man was decidedly human.

**HEATHER**

I should hope so.

**DOCTOR**

I checked his pulse when I shook his hand. Only one heart, that's for sure. Could I be wrong?

**HEATHER**

About what? How many hearts people have?

**DOCTOR**

About everything. This place... Perhaps the name 'Dominus' really is just a coincidence after all.

CUT TO:

---

19. INT. GOBERNAR'S OFFICE - DAY

(FX: GOBERNAR ENTERS. THE MASTER/DAMIEN IS ALREADY THERE.)

**GOBERNAR**

Ah, Damien. I was just going to give you a call.

**MASTER**

And I've saved you the effort by coming here in person.

**GOBERNAR**

I thought I locked my office door.

**MASTER**

You did. But don't let that worry you. You have been to see our new arrivals?

**GOBERNAR**

I have. The young lady seems pleasant enough. But her assistant is rather odd.

**MASTER**

Her assistant?

**GOBERNAR**

Larger than life, wearing a garish coat. Didn't understand what he was on about to be honest. Doctor John Smith, his name is.

**MASTER**

AMUSED

His real name is nothing of the sort.

**GOBERNAR**

Really? Well, if you'll excuse me I need to check on a few things.

**MASTER**

Of course.

(FX: GOBERNAR EXITS.)

**MASTER (CONT'D)**

So, Doctor, now you are here... the game can begin again.

(THE MASTER'S LAUGHTER MERGES INTO THE CLOSING THEME.)

**END OF PART ONE**



**PART TWO**

**20.     INT. GOBERNAR'S OFFICE - DAY**

*(REPRISE:)*

**GOBERNAR**

*[...] Doctor John Smith, his name is.*

**MASTER**

*AMUSED*

*His real name is nothing of the sort.*

**GOBERNAR**

*Really? Well, if you'll excuse me I need to check on a few things.*

**MASTER**

*Of course.*

*(FX: GOBERNAR EXITS.)*

**MASTER (CONT'D)**

*So, Doctor, now you are here... the game can begin again.*

*(THE MASTER LAUGHS.)*

FADE OUT:

**21.     INT. HEATHER'S LABORATORY - DAY**

*(FADE IN:*

*FX: HEATHER IS SETTING UP EQUIPMENT - PLUGGING IN CABLES, COMPUTERS BLEEPING AS THEY COME ONLINE, ETC.)*

**DOCTOR**

*You don't really need a lab assistant, do you, Dr Threadstone?*

**HEATHER**

*I need to finish setting up, and there should be some more equipment coming over from the mainland. But right at this moment - no.*

**DOCTOR**

*Then I'll leave you to it.*

**HEATHER**

*What are you going to do?*

**DOCTOR**

*I think the gentleman who brought us over in the boat was trying to warn us about something.*

**HEATHER**

You're sure he wasn't just making conversation?

**DOCTOR**

No. But if he does know something, then I think we should find out what it is.

**HEATHER**

I suppose so.

**DOCTOR**

Besides, it's a nice day for a good bracing walk.

AS HE LEAVES:

**HEATHER**

Oh, and while you're there, check my equipment's on its way, would you?

**DOCTOR**

Consider it done.

**HEATHER**

Thanks.

(FX: THE DOCTOR LEAVES. HEATHER CONTINUES SETTING THINGS UP.)

FADE OUT:

---

22. EXT. ISLAND LANDING JETTY - DAY

(FADE IN:

WIND AND THE SOUND OF THE SEA. THE DOCTOR WALKS BRISKLY UP.)

**DOCTOR**

Ahoy there – er, Captain?

**BOATMAN**

It's you again. How can I help?

**DOCTOR**

I'm curious. Earlier, you seemed to be warning my associate and I to be careful, up at the Institute. At least, that was the impression we went away with.

**BOATMAN**

It's only advice. Ignore it if you like.

**DOCTOR**

What did you mean?

**BOATMAN**

Be sure you know what you're getting into. That's all.

**DOCTOR**

And do you know what we're getting into?

**BOATMAN**

Probably I shouldn't have said nothing, but it seemed only fair to warn you.

**DOCTOR**

Yes, but what about?

**BOATMAN**

I'm not sure. But something's not right.

**DOCTOR**

You mean, something to do with the Dominus Institute?

**BOATMAN**

Look, all I know is Dominus employ me to bring a lot of people over from the mainland in my boat. Like you and the lady.

**DOCTOR**

Well there's nothing odd about that, surely.

**BOATMAN**

Nothing at all. But I bring far more people over here than I ever take back to the mainland. So, where do they go?

**DOCTOR**

Where indeed? It is rather a small island.

**BOATMAN**

It's not like there's many places they could end up. There's the pub. A small shop. Then there's Dominus.

**DOCTOR**

You must have thought about this. What's your theory, might I ask?

**BOATMAN**

All I can think is that they use another boat for some journeys.

**DOCTOR**

That's certainly possible. Quite likely, in fact.

**BOATMAN**

But like I said, it's a small island. Everyone knows everyone else's business.

**DOCTOR**

I can imagine.

**BOATMAN**

So why don't I know about no other boat? And why pay me to take some people back and not others?

**DOCTOR**

Why indeed.

**BOATMAN**

So, you be careful.

**DOCTOR**

Oh I will, you can count on that.

FADE OUT:

---

**23. INT. HEATHER'S LABORATORY - DAY**

(FADE IN:

FX: HEATHER IS STILL SETTING UP.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.)

**HEATHER**

CALLING

Come in.

(FX: DAMIEN/THE MASTER ENTERS.)

**HEATHER (CONT'D)**

Oh, Doctor Scott. It's you.

**MASTER**

Dr Threadstone. Sir Andrew told me you were joining us. I came to see how you're settling in.

**HEATHER**

It's Heather. Everything's fine, thank you, er... Damien, wasn't it?

**MASTER**

(AWKWARD) Yes. Call me Damien.

**HEATHER**

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Damien. Well, I'm just waiting for some equipment to come over from the mainland. Nothing too important, but it'll be good to get it all sorted.

**MASTER**

I'm sure it will. Where is Doctor Smith?

**HEATHER**

My assistant?

**MASTER**

Smith is his name, is it not?

**HEATHER**

He's, er, he's checking on the equipment.

**MASTER**

Pity.

**HEATHER**

Pity? Why?

**MASTER**

I wished to welcome him here, also. - Please, continue. I must return to my own researches.

**HEATHER**

You have a lab here, too?

**MASTER**

Yes, over in the east wing. (FORCED SINCERITY) It was nice to see you again.

**HEATHER**

And you.

(FX: THE MASTER EXITS.)

**HEATHER**

TO HERSELF

You know, 'Damien', I got the impression that you were rather more interested in 'Doctor Smith' than you were in me. Why would that be, I wonder...?

(FX: HEATHER FOLLOWS THE MASTER OUT.)

CUT TO:

---

**24. INT. DOMINUS CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: THE MASTER'S DISTANT FOOTSTEPS. HEATHER CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWS.)

**HEATHER**

LOW, TO HERSELF

That's not the way to the east wing.

(FX: WE STAY WITH HEATHER AS SHE CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWS.)

A DOOR OPENS AND BANGS SHUT, CUTTING OFF THE SOUND OF THE MASTER'S FOOTSTEPS.)

**HEATHER**

LOW, TO HERSELF

So what's through there? Oh come on, Heather. It's probably just the canteen. He's getting a coffee or something.

(FX: HEATHER OPENS THE DOOR.)

**HEATHER**

LOW, TO HERSELF

Or possibly not. Steps down? But we're on the ground floor. Must be a basement... Well, we'll soon find out.

(FX: HEATHER STARTS DOWN THE STEPS.)

FADE OUT:

---

**25. INT. DOMINUS BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

(FADE IN:

HEATHER ARRIVES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS.)

**HEATHER**

LOW, TO HERSELF

Just a corridor... Could do with a bit more light. Now, which way?

(FX: WE CAN HEAR THE MASTER'S FOOTSTEPS FADING INTO THE DISTANCE.)

**HEATHER**

LOW, TO HERSELF

Ah, that way.

(FX: HEATHER WALKS DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

NOTE THAT WE CAN NO LONGER HEAR THE MASTER'S FOOTSTEPS.)

**HEATHER**

LOW, TO HERSELF

And round the corner, we find... Oh.

(FX: HEATHER STOPS ABRUPTLY.)

**HEATHER**

LOW, TO HERSELF

But that can't be right. It's a dead end. It just stops. So where did he go?

(FX: HEATHER SIGHS AND HEADS BACK THE WAY SHE CAME.)

**HEATHER**

LOW, TO HERSELF

Well, if I wasn't suspicious before, I am now...

FADE OUT:

---



26. INT. HEATHER'S LABORATORY - DAY

(FADE IN:

WE JOIN HEATHER AND THE DOCTOR IN MID CONVERSATION:)

**DOCTOR**

So then what did you do?

**HEATHER**

I just followed him down the corridor.

**DOCTOR**

And where did he go?

**HEATHER**

That's just it. He didn't go anywhere. Or at least, the corridor didn't.

**DOCTOR**

I'm not with you.

**HEATHER**

The corridor just stopped. It was a dead end.

**DOCTOR**

And Damien?

**HEATHER**

Was nowhere to be seen.

**DOCTOR**

Intriguing.

**HEATHER**

So, what do you think?

**DOCTOR**

I think it's unlikely he has a transmat or a teleport. I think it's unlikely he can make himself invisible. And I think you should show me this dead end corridor in the basement.

FADE OUT:

---

27. INT. DOMINUS BASEMENT - DAY

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ARRIVE AT THE DEAD END OF THE CORRIDOR.)

**HEATHER**

And there we are - you see?

**DOCTOR**

You're right, it doesn't go anywhere.

**HEATHER**

Just a blank wall.

**DOCTOR**

But that doesn't make any sense. Unless...

(FX: HE TAPS ON THE WALL. OVER THIS:)

**HEATHER**

What are you doing?

**DOCTOR**

I was just wondering if... Ah!

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S LATEST TAP SOUNDS MORE HOLLOW.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Somewhere here...

(FX: A GRATING SOUND AS A SMALL PANEL SLIDES BACK.)

**HEATHER**

What's that?

**DOCTOR**

An entry coder, concealed behind a hidden panel on the wall. Now, if I can just carefully reroute the - (opening mechanism)

(FX: HE BREAKS OFF AS THERE'S A POP AND A SHOWER OF SPARKS. THE DOCTOR CRIES OUT, HIS HAND CAUGHT BY THE SPARKS.)

**HEATHER**

Are you all right?

**DOCTOR**

Yes, yes - don't fuss.

(FX: A HIDDEN DOOR SLIDES OPEN.)

**DOCTOR**

There we are.

**HEATHER**

A door. But, where does it go?

**DOCTOR**

I rather think we should find out. Don't you?

(FX: THEY GO THROUGH.)

CUT TO:

---

**28. INT. ROOM OUTSIDE HIDDEN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ENTER.)

**DOCTOR**

LOW

I think we'll just close this up again.

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES SHUT.)

**HEATHER**

LOW

There's another room through there. It looks like a laboratory.

**DOCTOR**

LOW

Let me see.

**HEATHER**

LOW

Careful - there's someone out there.

**DOCTOR**

LOW

Yes, several someones.

**BLANKS**

(FAINT MOANING AND GROANING FROM THE NEXT ROOM)

**HEATHER**

LOW

Look at them all. What's wrong with them?

**DOCTOR**

LOW

I don't know. Pale skin, emaciated features. Not unlike the popular perception of those unfortunates often termed 'zombies'.

**HEATHER**

LOW

They're moving like they're in a trance, that's for sure. Except for the one in the middle there. Hooded, with his hands and legs chained.

(FX: A CLANKING OF CHAINS FROM THE OTHER ROOM AS THE FIGURE IS LED AWAY.)

**DOCTOR**

LOW

A prisoner, perhaps? They appear to be leading him off somewhere.

**HEATHER**

LOW

There must be a back way out.

**DOCTOR**

LOW

Or another room.

(FX: THE CLANKING AND GRUNTING FADE AWAY AS THE BLANKS AND THEIR PRISONER LEAVE.)

**DOCTOR**

Right, they've gone. So let's see what we can find in this hidden laboratory.

**HEATHER**

Are you sure it's safe, Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

Oh I shouldn't think so for a moment. Come on.

(FX: THEY GO THROUGH TO THE LAB.)

CUT TO:

---

29. INT. HIDDEN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ENTER.)

**HEATHER**

Look at all this stuff.

**DOCTOR**

Stuff? There's some highly advanced equipment here.

(FX: THE DOCTOR EXAMINES THE EQUIPMENT - A FEW BLEEPES ETC AS WELL AS THE SOUNDS OF HIM PULLING THINGS APART THEN PUTTING THEM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN AS HE SPEAKS:)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Alpha wave transcription, psycho-monitoring, and that looks like a waveform variation synthesizer. "Stuff"!

(FX: HEATHER WALKS ACROSS TO ANOTHER AREA.)

**HEATHER**

Doctor, I think you should see this.

(FX: THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS HER ACROSS THE LAB.)

**DOCTOR**

What have you found now...? Oh. Another prisoner.

**HEATHER**

Unconscious. But why's he strapped to the table? Were they going to operate on him, do you think?

**DOCTOR**

Or monitor him, perhaps? He's wired up to all this - "stuff".

**HEATHER**

He's got that same gaunt, pale look that those others had.

**DOCTOR**

You know, this equipment is rather advanced. Too advanced for Earth in this time period, certainly.

**HEATHER**

We should help him.

**DOCTOR**

What? - Oh yes. Let's get the poor fellow unstrapped. You detach those wires and electrodes.

(FX: THE DOCTOR UNSTRAPS THE MAN. HEATHER PULLS AWAY WIRES ETC.)

**HEATHER**

Done it. Now what?

**DOCTOR**

I think he's waking up.

**BLANK**

(STIRS, MUTTERING GROGGILY)

Must obey... obey... obey...

**HEATHER**

Perhaps he can tell us who did this and what's going on.

**DOCTOR**

I don't think there can be much doubt that our friend Damien is involved somehow.

**BLANK**

(GROANS)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Easy now, easy does it.

**BLANK**

(HOWLS WITH RAGE AS HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE DOCTOR)

**HEATHER**

Look out, Doctor!

**DOCTOR**

Woah!

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS KNOCKED BACKWARDS INTO EQUIPMENT.)

**HEATHER**

He's mad!

(FX: THE MAN AND THE DOCTOR STRUGGLE)

**BLANK**

(GRUNTING LIKE THE OTHER BLANKS, AS DOCTOR TRIES TO PUSH HIM AWAY)

**DOCTOR**

EFFORT

We're trying to help. We're friends!

**HEATHER**

I don't think he understands.

**DOCTOR**

EFFORT

Get off me!

(FX: THE CLATTER OF METALLIC OBJECTS FALLING ON TO THE WORKBENCH AS HEATHER TIPS THEM OFF A METAL TRAY.)

THEN A METALLIC CLONK AS HEATHER HITS THE MAN OVER THE HEAD WITH THE TRAY.

**BLANK**

(CRIES OUT AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR — DEAD)

**HEATHER**

Are you all right? What happened?

**DOCTOR**

Oh, thank you for that, Heather. Lucky that tray of instruments was to hand. (CHECKS BODY — PERPLEXED) Oh.

**HEATHER**

Is he all right?

**DOCTOR**

I'm afraid he's dead.

**HEATHER**

Dead?! But I didn't hit him that hard, surely?

**DOCTOR**

No. No, you didn't. There was nothing else you could have done. You saw how he was. The question now is, what happened to make him like that, and to weaken his body so that a minor injury could kill him?

**HEATHER**

And who was he?

**DOCTOR**

From this equipment, I'd say he was something to do with Damien Scott's memory project. Somehow this man's memories - in fact his whole personality - were removed.

**HEATHER**

Leaving him like that. Like a vicious animal.

**DOCTOR**

Terrified more likely. An empty shell working merely on instinct. A template... a 'blank'.

**HEATHER**

Poor man.

**DOCTOR**

Yes. Ah, well at least we know his name.

**HEATHER**

What's that?

**DOCTOR**

An identity badge. It was stuffed in his pocket.



**HEATHER**

Who was he?

**DOCTOR**

According to this... Kenneth Albrecht.

**HEATHER**

One of the missing scientists.

**DOCTOR**

And what's the betting that those other people we saw are also missing scientists?

**HEATHER**

With their minds blanked.

**DOCTOR**

As you say. Except they were working to some purpose, not just instinctive. As if they'd been, I don't know, programmed somehow.

**HEATHER**

Is that possible?

**DOCTOR**

Anything's possible. Here, give me a hand.

**HEATHER**

What are we doing?

**DOCTOR**

I want to get Kenneth here back on the table, strapped down and wired up.

(FX: THEY HEAVE THE BODY UP ON TO THE TABLE.)

**DOCTOR**

Ooh, he's heavier than he looks.

**HEATHER**

So we're making it look like whatever was happening to him just failed, and that's what killed him?

**DOCTOR**

That's right. If you can just reconnect those wires there... No point in advertising that we've been here.

**HEATHER**

I guess not. And what then?

**DOCTOR**

Then we follow those other 'blanks' and see where they went.

(FX: THEY RE-ATTACH WIRES AND ELECTRODES. FADE OUT.)

**30.        INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS**

(FADE IN:

FX: A DAMP TUNNEL. DRIPPING WATER, ECHO.

THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ARE MAKING THEIR WAY CAUTIOUSLY ALONG.)

**HEATHER**

Where do you think this tunnel leads?

**DOCTOR**

I'm not sure. Good job there are lights though.

**HEATHER**

They hadn't made any attempt to hide the entrance.

**DOCTOR**

Well, it was already at the back of a hidden laboratory concealed behind an apparently solid wall in a disused basement.

(FX: WE CAN NOW JUST MAKE OUT THE DISTANT SOUND OF WAVES AS THEY APPROACH THE BEACH WHERE THE TUNNEL EMERGES. FADE IT UP AS THEY GET CLOSER.)

**HEATHER**

Good point... Can you hear that?

**DOCTOR**

Yes. It sounds like the sea.

**HEATHER**

It is the sea. Look - there's the end of the tunnel. It comes out on a beach.

CUT TO:

---

31. EXT. CAVES ON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ENTER THE CAVE.)

**DOCTOR**

You were right. We're in a cave. A cave at the bottom of the cliffs, I suspect.

**HEATHER**

I suppose we should have guessed. It's a small island after all.

(FX: THEY EMERGE ON TO THE BEACH.)

**DOCTOR**

Yes, you see I was right. Cliffs. Even so, I wonder where we are.

**HEATHER**

And where those 'blank' people went.

**DOCTOR**

Yes. Let's see if we can find a way up to the top.

**HEATHER**

That could be a path over there. It doesn't look too steep.

**DOCTOR**

Well spotted. With luck when we get to the top we'll see something we recognise...

(FX: THEY SET OFF ACROSS THE BEACH.)

FADE OUT:

---

32. EXT. CLIFF TOP - CONTINUOUS

(FADE IN:

FX: IT'S WINDY ON THE CLIFF TOP. THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER HAVE TO SPEAK LOUDLY TO BE HEARD.)

**HEATHER**

I can't see the Institute, but I'd guess it's that way.

**DOCTOR**

I think you're right.

**HEATHER**

What's that, over there? It looks like a small castle.

**DOCTOR**

A bit too modern for that, I think. A folly of some sort perhaps... Although...

**HEATHER**

Although? What is it, Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

I'm not sure. But there's something. Something about that place that seems vaguely familiar.

**HEATHER**

You recognise it?

**DOCTOR**

I certainly have the feeling I've seen it before, but I can't quite place it.

**HEATHER**

Maybe you've seen pictures.

**DOCTOR**

Maybe.

**HEATHER**

Was it on the Dominus website? There were some shots of the island.

**DOCTOR**

Yes. Yes, maybe that was it.

**HEATHER**

So back to the Institute?

**DOCTOR**

Unless you have a better suggestion?

**HEATHER**

The evening's drawing in. I could do with something to eat. Though Gobernar said the canteen's closed, didn't he?

**DOCTOR**

Yes, but he did mention a pub.

**HEATHER**

That's a point. He said we can get food there.

**DOCTOR**

And the other thing you can always get in a pub, is...

**HEATHER**

Drinks?

**DOCTOR**

Information.

**HEATHER**

Ah. Right.

**DOCTOR**

Though I'm sure we can get a drink as well. Now, if the Institute is that way, then from what our friendly boatman told me, the pub should be over there.

(FX: THEY SET OFF TOWARDS THE PUB.)

FADE OUT:

---

**33. INT. GOBERNAR'S OFFICE - EVENING**

(FADE IN:

FX: GOBERNAR IS ON THE PHONE:)

**GOBERNAR**

No, no, I quite understand. Thank you for letting me know... Yes, yes, please do. Good bye.

(FX: HE HANGS UP.)

**MASTER**

The nursing home, I presume?

**GOBERNAR**

Yes.

**MASTER**

Your sister continues to deteriorate.

**GOBERNAR**

(SIGHS)

I'm afraid so. Is there any chance, Damien - do you think?

**MASTER**

Andrew, Andrew... There is every chance. You know how well the experiments are going, the results we have achieved.

**GOBERNAR**

Yes. It's just that there's so little time. I hadn't expected her Alzheimer's to advance so rapidly.

**MASTER**

Then we must finish the experiments as quickly as we can. With your continued help and support, I can perfect the process in the next few days.

**GOBERNAR**

(HOPEFUL)

Really?

**MASTER**

Would I lie? Your sister's condition can be reversed. I'm close now. So very close...

FADE OUT:

---

**34.        INT. PUB - EVENING**

(FADE IN:

FX: SOME DRINKING AND CHATTING AS BEFORE.

THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ARE EATING. HEATHER FINISHES HER MEAL AND DROPS HER CUTLERY ON TO HER PLATE.)

**DOCTOR**

You enjoyed that.

**HEATHER**

I did. It was rather good.

(FX: THE DOCTOR LAYS DOWN HIS CUTLERY.)

**HEATHER (CONT'D)**

You not finishing that?

**DOCTOR**

I couldn't manage another mouthful.

**HEATHER**

Pass it over, then.

**DOCTOR**

The whole plate? Well, if you think you can manage –

(FX: THEY SWAP PLATES.)

**HEATHER**

Thank you. I'm famished.

(FX: HEATHER TUCKS INTO THE FOOD.)

**DOCTOR**

Well, I'm glad to see it go to a good cause.

**HEATHER**

(MOUTH FULL) Hey, isn't that the chap who brought us over in the boat?

**DOCTOR**

I'm sorry? – Ah, you mean, "Isn't that the fellow who brought us in the boat?"

**HEATHER**

(SWALLOWS) Yes. Over there, standing at the bar.

**DOCTOR**

It is indeed.

**HEATHER**

You never told me what you found out from him this afternoon.

**DOCTOR**

Didn't I?

**HEATHER**

No.

**DOCTOR**

Probably because it didn't amount to much. And what he did say has rather been superseded by events.

**HEATHER**

Oh?

**DOCTOR**

He told me he brings more people over to the Dominus Institute than he ferries back again.

**HEATHER**

Ah.

**DOCTOR**

Exactly.

**HEATHER**

And we know what happens to them now. Or at least, how they end up.

**DOCTOR**

Exactly.

(FX: HEATHER FINISHES THE DOCTOR'S LEFT-OVERS AND PUTS DOWN HER CUTLERY.)

**HEATHER**

I enjoyed that.

**DOCTOR**

I'm pleased to hear it. Now all it needs is another glass of ginger beer to wash it down with.

(FX: THE DOCTOR GETS UP.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Can I get you anything from the bar?

**HEATHER**

I'm fine thanks. Plenty left for now.

**DOCTOR**

Well if you're sure. I'll ask them if they can clear away the plates at the same time.



**HEATHER**

I expect they'll do that anyway.

**DOCTOR**

You're probably right. But I think while I'm there I'll ask our friendly ferryman if he wants to join us.

**HEATHER**

Because my conversation isn't stimulating enough for you?

**DOCTOR**

Because he might know something about that castle.

**HEATHER**

You think it's important?

**DOCTOR**

I don't know. But I think we should find out. Those blanked people were heading somewhere, and there's not much else out that way.

(FX: THE DOCTOR HEADS OFF TO THE BAR. HEATHER SIPS HER DRINK.)

FADE OUT:

---

**35.        INT. CELL - EVENING**

(FADE IN:

FX: KEYS RATTLE IN LOCK. OLD CELL DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

**LEACH**

(HISS-HOWLS, ALERTED)

**MASTER**

(STEPPING IN) Hush yourself. I merely came to see if you were... comfortable.

**LEACH**

(HISSES IN ANGER)

**MASTER**

I'll take that as a 'no'. Believe me - as dungeons go, this is positively palatial. I know.

**LEACH**

(DESPAIRING WHINE)

**MASTER**

My hearts bleed. Never fear, pitiful creature. It won't be for much longer. Soon it will all be over. Soon. (CHUCKLES)

FADE OUT:

---

36. INT. PUB - LATER

(FADE IN:

THE DOCTOR, HEATHER AND THE BOATMAN ARE DRINKING AND TALKING.)

**HEATHER**

So who owns it? The castle?

**BOATMAN**

Government, they say. But it's been empty for years.

**DOCTOR**

What would the government want with a place like that?

**BOATMAN**

I don't know what they used it for. Before I came here, to be honest. Maybe it was something to do with the naval base.

**DOCTOR**

Ah yes, we read that the Dominus Institute was an old military facility.

**BOATMAN**

Not much left of the original base. Dominus tore down most of it and rebuilt from scratch. Not short of money, that lot.

**HEATHER**

Does anyone go there? To the castle?

**BOATMAN**

No, it's all fenced off. Not that they needed to bother.

**DOCTOR**

Really - why's that?

**BOATMAN**

Locals won't go up there anyway. They say it's haunted.

**HEATHER**

AMUSED

Haunted? You mean by ghosts?

**BOATMAN**

Guess so.

**DOCTOR**

And has anyone ever seen these ghosts? Or is it just rumour and gossip?

**BOATMAN**

Oh no, there are people who claim to have seen lights up there at night.

**HEATHER**

That's not terribly spooky.

**BOATMAN**

Figures, too. Some lads were up that way a couple of months ago. They'd had a few too many drinks in my opinion, so I'd take their story with more than a pinch of salt. But they reckoned they saw the walking dead.

**DOCTOR**

The walking dead?

**BOATMAN**

Their words, not mine.

**DOCTOR**

Did they describe these 'walking dead'?

**BOATMAN**

Yes, but only like you'd expect. Pale, thin figures lurching about as if in a trance. You know the sort of thing.

**HEATHER**

We certainly do.

(FX: THE BOATMAN DRAINS HIS GLASS.)

**BOATMAN**

Well, thanks for the drink, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

No – thank you, for such an enlightening conversation.

**BOATMAN**

Best be going. Got an early start in the morning, so I don't want a late night. (LEAVING) I'll see you again, I'm sure.

**DOCTOR**

I'm sure you will.

(FX: THE BOATMAN LEAVES THEM.)

**HEATHER**

So, what do you think?

**DOCTOR**

I think that unlike our loquacious friend, we may well be having a late night.

**HEATHER**

You want to go up to the castle and take a look, don't you?

**DOCTOR**

It would seem to be the logical next step, wouldn't you agree?

**HEATHER**

I would. But if we're going looking for the walking dead in a haunted castle in the middle of the night...

**DOCTOR**

Yes?

**HEATHER**

I'll need another drink first.

FADE OUT:

---

37. **EXT. CASTLE PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR IS TEARING THE WIRE FENCE AWAY FROM ONE OF THE POSTS.)

**DOCTOR**

EFFORT

We're lucky no one seems to maintain this fence... If I can just pull it free from the post... There, that's done it.

**HEATHER**

Well done, Doctor. Don't worry about the bottom bit, we can climb over that.

**DOCTOR**

You're sure?

**HEATHER**

Ask me in a minute.

(FX: THEY CLIMB THROUGH THE GAP THE DOCTOR HAS MADE.)

**HEATHER**

Yes, I'm sure.

**DOCTOR**

We should probably fold it back into place. Makes it less obvious we've been here.

**HEATHER**

Here, let me help.

(FX: THEY FOLD THE WIRE FENCE BACK AGAINST THE POST.)

**DOCTOR**

That should do.

**HEATHER**

So long as no one looks too closely.

**DOCTOR**

I don't think they get many visitors.

**HEATHER**

Probably out of season. Come the summer, this place will be overrun with tourists and ice cream vans. There's probably a little gift shop inside.

**DOCTOR**

Well let's go and see, shall we?

(FX: THEY HEAD OFF TOWARDS THE CASTLE. FADE OUT.)

---

**38.        EXT. CASTLE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ARRIVE AT THE MAIN DOOR.)

**DOCTOR**

This looks like the way in.

**HEATHER**

It'll be locked.

(FX: THE DOCTOR TRIES THE DOOR. IT IS LOCKED.)

**DOCTOR**

It's locked.

**HEATHER**

Maybe we can find a window to climb through?

**DOCTOR**

Oh ye of little faith.

(FX: THE DOCTOR PRODUCES A METAL GADGET FROM HIS POCKET.)

**HEATHER**

What on earth is that?

**DOCTOR**

Pick-lock.

**HEATHER**

It's ancient.

**DOCTOR**

Ancient? It's not ancient, it's an antique. Belonged to Marie Antoinette, I'll have you know.

**HEATHER**

Of course it did.

(FX: THE DOCTOR SETS TO WORK ON THE LOCK.)

**DOCTOR**

Since this is an old door, an old pick-lock should be just the thing...

(FX: THE LOCK CLICKS OPEN.)

**DOCTOR**

There you go.

**HEATHER**

Well done, Doctor.

(FX: THE DOCTOR OPENS THE DOOR.)

**DOCTOR**

I said you should have more faith.

**HEATHER**

I never doubted you for a moment.

(FX: THEY ENTER THE CASTLE AND CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.)

CUT TO:

---



**39. INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

(FX: AN ECHOEY STONE CORRIDOR.)

**DOCTOR**

There's no light.

**HEATHER**

Hang on, I'll use my phone. There's a torch option on it somewhere, using the camera flash.

**DOCTOR**

Good idea.

**HEATHER**

There doesn't seem to be a signal anywhere on this island, so I'm glad it's useful for something... There we are.

**DOCTOR**

That's better. Not that there's a lot to see... Although, this corridor...

**HEATHER**

What about it?

**DOCTOR**

And that entrance...

**HEATHER**

Did I miss something?

**DOCTOR**

Oh no, no, no. It's me that's missing something. I'm sure I recognise this place.

**HEATHER**

Perhaps your mum brought you here for an ice cream when you were a kid?

**DOCTOR**

I think that extremely unlikely. Let's try this way.

(FX: THEY MOVE OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR, FADING AS THEY GO:)

**HEATHER**

Or maybe you came here on a school trip?

**DOCTOR**

Even less likely.

FADE OUT:

---

40. INT. ANOTHER CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER WALKING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

**HEATHER**

No sign of anyone. Nor that anyone's been here, even.

**DOCTOR**

No. It's all rather disappointing.

**HEATHER**

Maybe we should head back to the Institute and think of something else.

**DOCTOR**

Not just yet, if you don't mind.

**HEATHER**

I've got nothing better to do. Except possibly sleep.

**DOCTOR**

We're still on the ground floor. Maybe there's something interesting upstairs.

**HEATHER**

Not that we've seen any stairs.

**DOCTOR**

Then that gives us something to look for.

(FX: A MUFFLED THUMP, ACTUALLY FROM BELOW THEM.)

**HEATHER**

What was that?

**DOCTOR**

I'm not sure. Could be someone moving around.

**HEATHER**

Or it could be this place starting to fall down.

**DOCTOR**

It came from below us.

**HEATHER**

Dungeons? That's all we need.

**DOCTOR**

This place isn't old enough for dungeons. What we actually need are stairs down to the cellars... And voila!

**HEATHER**

So, we're actually going down there, are we?

**DOCTOR**

I am, now that I've found the stairs, yes. You can stay here if you'd rather. On your own. In the haunted castle.

**HEATHER**

You make it sound so appealing. Oh all right then. But you can go first.

**DOCTOR**

Agreed. Just hold that phone so I can see where I'm putting my feet, will you?

(FX: THEY START DOWN THE STAIRS.)

FADE OUT:

---

41. INT. CASTLE CELLARS - NIGHT

(FADE IN:

THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS.)

**DOCTOR**

This way, I think.

**HEATHER**

As that's the only way the corridor goes, I'd have to agree.

(FX: THEY HEAD OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

**DOCTOR**

Ah, now we're getting somewhere. There's a door up ahead. The corridor keeps going, so maybe it's a store room of some sort.

**HEATHER**

It doesn't look like a store room. In fact... You know you said this place wasn't old enough to have dungeons...

**DOCTOR**

Yes, I see what you mean. Solid wooden door, with a metal grille set in it.

**HEATHER**

There's a light inside.

**DOCTOR**

Then let's take a look through the grille...

(FX: THEY HAVE REACHED THE DOOR AND STOP.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

How very odd.

**HEATHER**

What can you see?

**DOCTOR**

Take a look for yourself.

**HEATHER**

Oh my... It is a dungeon.

**DOCTOR**

So it would seem. And that poor woman is a prisoner.

**HEATHER**

Chained to the wall. But why? We have to help her.

**DOCTOR**

I couldn't agree more.

**HEATHER**

She doesn't seem aware of us. Is she asleep? Or unconscious?

**DOCTOR**

Let's get in there and find out.

**HEATHER**

She can't have been here long. Her clothes look clean. In fact, she looks very ordinary. Like she's just come from an office job.

**DOCTOR**

Hold your phone so I can see the lock, would you?

(FX: THE DOCTOR GETS OUT HIS PICK-LOCK AGAIN. MEANWHILE, SEVERAL BLANKS APPROACH DOWN THE CORRIDOR, SHUFFLING)

**HEATHER**

Um, Doctor - I don't think we have time for that.

**DOCTOR**

Nonsense, it'll only take a moment to pick the lock.

**HEATHER**

Yes, but - we have company.

**BLANKS**

(BEGIN GRUNTING AND MOANING AS THEY APPROACH, THROUGH:)

**DOCTOR**

More of our blank friends.

**HEATHER**

Or the same ones again.

**DOCTOR**

SLOW AND LOUD

It's all right. We are friends. We are here to help you.

**HEATHER**

I'm not sure they believe you, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

I'm not sure they even understand.

(FX: THE BLANKS ARE GETTING VERY CLOSE.)

**BLANK**

In-tru-ders. In-tru-ders. Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill...

**END OF PART TWO**

**PART THREE**

**REPRISE:**

*FX: SEVERAL BLANKS APPROACH DOWN THE CORRIDOR, GRUNTING AND MOANING.)*

**DOCTOR**

*More of our blank friends.*

**HEATHER**

*Or the same ones again.*

**DOCTOR**

*SLOW AND LOUD*

*It's all right. We are friends. We are here to help you.*

**HEATHER**

*I'm not sure they believe you, Doctor.*

**DOCTOR**

*I'm not sure they even understand.*

*(FX: THE BLANKS ARE GETTING VERY CLOSE.)*

**BLANK**

*In-tru-ders. In-tru-ders. Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill...*

SCENE CONTINUES:

**42.     INT. CASTLE CELLARS – NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]**

**HEATHER**

*Do you think perhaps we ought to be leaving?*

**DOCTOR**

*I think perhaps we ought. Back to the stairs, come on!*

*(FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER RUN BACK TO THE STAIRS, THE BLANKS IN PURSUIT. AS THEY RUN:)*

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

*We're lucky they're not very fast.*

**HEATHER**

*We still have to find our way out of this place.*

FADE OUT:

---

**43.        INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ARE RUNNING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

**HEATHER**

Are you sure this is the way back to the entrance?

**DOCTOR**

Trust me, I have the instincts of a homing pigeon.

(FX: THEY SKID TO A HALT.)

**HEATHER**

Which way now?

**DOCTOR**

Um...

**HEATHER**

Doctor - those things are still coming after us.

**DOCTOR**

This way.

**HEATHER**

You're sure? I thought it was down there.

**DOCTOR**

Down there?

**HEATHER**

Yes.

**DOCTOR**

Er, actually, I think you could be right. Come on.

(FX: THEY RUN ON.)

FADE OUT:

---

**44.        EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE CASTLE DOOR BANGS OPEN, AND THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER RUN OUT.)

**DOCTOR**

I told you it was this way. Now we just have to get to the fence.

(FX: MORE BLANKS APPROACH THROUGH THE GROUNDS.)

**BLANKS:**

(GRUNTING AND MOANING.)

**HEATHER**

That might not be so easy. Look - there are more of them out here.

**DOCTOR**

And coming this way.

**HEATHER**

And the blanks from inside the castle must be right behind us. We can't go back.

**DOCTOR**

And we obviously can't get to the fence past them.

(FX: THE FAINT NOISE OF A LANDROVER APPROACHING, GETTING RAPIDLY LOUDER.)

**HEATHER**

What's that?

**DOCTOR**

Sounds like an engine.

**HEATHER**

Look - headlights!

**DOCTOR**

It's coming this way.

(FX: THE LANDROVER ROARS UP.

THREADSTONE SHOUTS FROM INSIDE THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.)

**THREADSTONE**

Quick - get in!

**DOCTOR**

SURPRISED

You?!



**HEATHER**

Dad?! What are you doing here?

**THREADSTONE**

Time for that later. Just get in!

**DOCTOR**

I think we should do as your father says.

(FX: THEY OPEN THE DOOR AND PILE IN.

THE BLANKS ARE VERY CLOSE NOW.

THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT. THE LANDROVER DRIVES OFF FAST.)

FADE OUT:

---

45. INT. LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

(FADE IN:

FX: THE LANDROVER DRIVING OVER BUMPY GROUND.)

**DOCTOR**

Thank you for that timely intervention, Professor Threadstone.

**THREADSTONE**

My pleasure, Doctor.

**HEATHER**

But how did you get here?

**THREADSTONE**

I drove through the fence. I'm hoping it left a big enough gap to drive out again.

**HEATHER**

That's not what I meant.

**THREADSTONE**

I've been keeping watch on the castle. Only when I got back to the pub, I heard I'd just missed a couple of strangers following in my footsteps.

**DOCTOR**

We must have just missed each other.

**THREADSTONE**

Had to hire the Landrover from the landlady. She drove a hard bargain, but the walking was killing me.

**HEATHER**

But I thought you were in California.

**THREADSTONE**

I was.

**DOCTOR**

And I'm guessing you found that Arthur Makeling wasn't.

**THREADSTONE**

There was no record of him. When I retraced his movements, it led here to the Dominus Institute.

**HEATHER**

Why didn't you tell me you were here?

**THREADSTONE**

I was worried you might follow me down here on some rash impulse. It seems I was right.

**DOCTOR**

Did you find Makeling?

**THREADSTONE**

I did. Last night.

**HEATHER**

At the Institute?

**THREADSTONE**

Sadly not. He was one of those mindless creatures that was coming after you. But what are you two doing here?

**DOCTOR**

We'll explain on the way.

**THREADSTONE**

On the way where?

**DOCTOR**

Back to the Dominus Institute.

**THREADSTONE**

Are you sure you want to go back there? I assume that's where you came from?

**HEATHER**

I got a grant for some research.

**DOCTOR**

It seemed like the best way to get in. And yes, we do want to go back there.

**THREADSTONE**

All right. Let's see if I can find the way back to the road.

**HEATHER**

Dad.

**THREADSTONE**

Yes?

**HEATHER**

It's good to see you.

**THREADSTONE**

And you.

**HEATHER**

And thanks for coming to get us from the castle.

**THREADSTONE**

That's all right. You were lucky to get out. The place used to be a prison.

**DOCTOR**

A prison?

**THREADSTONE**

So I'm told.

**DOCTOR**

REALISING

Of course! That's why I thought I knew it.

**HEATHER**

You mean you have been here before?

**DOCTOR**

Indeed I have. After he was captured by UNIT at Devil's End, this is one of the prisons where the Master was locked up.

**THREADSTONE**

The who?

**DOCTOR**

A very nasty piece of work. I thought he must be behind this.

**HEATHER**

But you said Gobernar wasn't the Master.

**DOCTOR**

He's not. It's our friend Damien Scott. I should have realised sooner.

**HEATHER**

But why didn't you recognise him?

**DOCTOR**

Oh he's very good at concealing himself. And he can change his appearance.

**THREADSTONE**

You mean like a disguise?

**DOCTOR**

Sometimes a disguise, yes.

**THREADSTONE**

So what's this Master up to?

**DOCTOR**

I don't know. And why has he come back here?

(FX: THEY DRIVE ON.)

FADE OUT:

---

46. **EXT. DOMINUS INSTITUTE - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

THE LANDROVER PULLS UP.

DOCTOR AND HEATHER GET OUT.)

**THREADSTONE**

Why don't I take you all the way to the Institute?

**DOCTOR**

Best if Heather and I walk from here, I think. The Master may have eyes on the main gate. I'd sooner have him believe we're on our own out here, for now.

**HEATHER**

So we're not going to confront Damien? – The Master, I mean?

**DOCTOR**

Far too dangerous. It would be useful to know a little more about what he's up to.

**THREADSTONE**

Well, I don't know about you but I've had enough excitement for one night. I'm not as young as I was.

**DOCTOR**

Who is?

**HEATHER**

Dad – you head back to the pub and get some rest? We'll be fine here, won't we, Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

The Master doesn't yet know that we know who he is. That simple fact should keep us safe, for now.

**HEATHER**

(TO THREADSTONE) We'll come and find you in the morning, Dad. I promise.

**THREADSTONE**

Well... if you're sure...

**DOCTOR**

I'm sure. – Though I don't suppose you've managed to get a phone signal, have you, Professor?

**THREADSTONE**

There doesn't seem to be a signal anywhere on the island.

**HEATHER**

You want to call for help?

**DOCTOR**

That's right. With the Master at large and up to who knows what I don't think we have much choice. I'm going to call UNIT.

**THREADSTONE**

You could come back to the pub and call from there.

**DOCTOR**

No, I'd rather keep an eye on things here until UNIT arrive.

**HEATHER**

Are you sure you'll be all right, Dad?

**THREADSTONE**

Don't worry about me. You just look out for yourselves.

**DOCTOR**

We'll see you soon.

**THREADSTONE**

You'd better.

**HEATHER**

Bye, Dad.

(FX: THREADSTONE GETS BACK INTO THE LANDROVER AND STARTS THE ENGINE. HE DRIVES OFF.)

**HEATHER (CONT'D)**

Doctor – we can't just ring for help from the lab. The phones could be bugged.

**DOCTOR**

That had occurred to me.

**HEATHER**

So...?

**DOCTOR**

Come on.

(FX: THEY HEAD TOWARDS THE INSTITUTE.)

FADE OUT:

---

47. INT. DAMIEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ENTER QUIETLY.)

**DOCTOR**

No-one around.

**HEATHER**

Isn't it a bit dangerous, sneaking into the Master's own office?

**DOCTOR**

Oh he'll be busy with some machinations. This will be the only telephone that we can guarantee won't be under surveillance.

**HEATHER**

We could have asked Gobernar.

**DOCTOR**

He's probably in league with the Master. Or under the Master's influence. I daresay that's how he controls the rest of this Institute staff, when they're here.

**HEATHER**

How?

**DOCTOR**

By hypnotism. It's a talent of his. So don't look into his eyes.

**HEATHER**

I'll bear that in mind, thanks.

**DOCTOR**

Ah - there you are, you see. Telephone.

(FX: THE DOCTOR LIFTS THE HANDSET AND DIALS. WE HEAR THE TONE AS THE PHONE RINGS AT THE OTHER END.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

It's ringing.

**HEATHER**

At least there's an outside line.

(FX: THE PHONE IS ANSWERED. THE ANSWERING VOICE IS ACTUALLY THE MASTER, BUT DISTORTED AND DISGUISED SO THAT WE - AND THE DOCTOR - DON'T REALISE.)

**DOCTOR**

Hello? Hello, is that the UNIT hotline?

**MASTER**

(D) You're through to UNIT. Please give your pass code.

**DOCTOR**

This is the Doctor.

**MASTER**

(D) Doctor who?

**DOCTOR**

What do you mean, Doctor who? It's the Doctor. Code word, er... Buffalo. Does that help?

**MASTER**

(D) Buffalo... Yes, that checks out. How can we help, Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

I'm calling from the Dominus Institute to warn you that the Master is up to his old tricks again. [I don't know what he's planning exactly, but...]

**MASTER**

(LAUGHS)

(FX: THE DOCTOR BREAKS OFF BECAUSE THE VOICE AT THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE IS LAUGHING.)

**DOCTOR**

Look, this isn't a joke.

**MASTER**

(D) Oh yes it is, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

I can assure you it is not. The Master is here.

**MASTER**

(D) Well of course he is. Whatever took you so long?

**DOCTOR**

What? You mean, you knew?

(FX: AS THE MASTER ANSWERS, THE DOOR OPENS AND HE ENTERS THE ROOM - SO WE HEAR HIM SPEAKING INTO HIS HANDSET AS WELL.)

**MASTER**

It would be rather surprising if I didn't, wouldn't it, Doctor?

**HEATHER**

Doctor!

**DOCTOR**

You! But...



**MASTER**

But you called UNIT. Yes, I know. Every communication into and out of this facility is screened. Should anyone dial a number not approved by me... I receive an alert. Big Brother is watching you, Doctor.

(FX: SEVERAL BLANKS FOLLOW THE MASTER INTO THE ROOM.)

**BLANKS**

(SOFT GRUNTING)

**HEATHER**

These people - what have you done to them?

**MASTER**

All in good time. First of all, I'd like to make sure we can have a civilised conversation without you trying to escape... or anything equally tiresome. Restrain them.

**BLANKS**

Restrain. Restrain. Restrain.

(FX: THE BLANKS GRAB THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER.)

**DOCTOR**

Do you mind?

**HEATHER**

Get off me!

**MASTER**

I wouldn't struggle. Some of them don't know their own strength, any more than they know their own minds.

**DOCTOR**

So you're just going to have them hold us here?

**MASTER**

That would be such a waste of a valuable resource.

**DOCTOR**

Thank you.

**MASTER**

I meant them, not you, Doctor. Tie them to those chairs. Use the spare network cables in that drawer.

(FX: THE BLANKS TIE THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER TO THE CHAIRS.)

**HEATHER**

What are you going to do with us?

**MASTER**

Now that is an interesting question. Fortunately, I have an interesting answer. Once you're sitting comfortably, I shall be happy to explain...

CUT TO:

---

**48.        EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

(FX: THE LANDROVER DRIVING ALONG.)

CUT TO:

**49.        INT. LANDROVER - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: THREADSTONE IS HUMMING TO HIMSELF AS HE DRIVES.)

**THREADSTONE**

(TO HIMSELF)

Not far now. I'd forgotten how exhausting it can be spending time with the Doctor...

(SEEING SOMETHING IN THE ROAD AHEAD)

What the devil's that?

CUT TO:

**50.        EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

**BLANK**

(GURGLES HORRIBLY, LOOMING OUT OF THE DARK)

(FX: THE LANDROVER'S BRAKES SCREECH AS THREADSTONE TRIES TO STOP.

THE LANDROVER IMPACTS ON THE BLANK, KNOCKING IT ASIDE, THEN CAREERS OFF THE ROAD INTO A DITCH.)

CUT TO:

---

51. INT. DAMIEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

(FX: BLANKS GRUNTING AND MOANING QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND.)

**MASTER**

Obviously, I do not intend to explain the whole of my scheme to you.

**DOCTOR**

No? Going by past form... you surprise me. You may have a new body, but you'll never change. — *Is* that a new body you're wearing, or just an above-average disguise?

**MASTER**

Trying to make me reveal more than is necessary, Doctor? You may have a new body, but you'll never change.

**DOCTOR**

Touché.

**HEATHER**

Please. "Master". You can't just keep us here against our will.

**MASTER**

I can do whatever I like with you, Doctor Threadstone. With either of you, in fact.

**DOCTOR**

Now we're getting to it. Take us to that secret laboratory you keep in the basement, I presume? There to drain our intellects in their entirety?

**HEATHER**

(TO MASTER) What good would that even do you?

**MASTER**

The Doctor's intellect will be particularly useful to me at the present time. My TARDIS has been proving... unreliable, of late. I've been harvesting scientific minds in the hope of repairing it.

**DOCTOR**

Yes, but Earth minds! What use are they to you?

**MASTER**

Why... no use whatsoever.

**DOCTOR**

I don't follow.

**MASTER**

Don't you, Doctor? Missing scientists. 'Dominus'. 'Gobernar'. This island prison. I could hardly have made my presence here any more obvious to you.

**HEATHER**

(REALISATION) It was a trap.

**MASTER**

Any of the Doctor's many incarnations would have served my purpose. There's always one not far from this time period. All I had to do was bide my time, and quietly pick off a few known associates of his known associates.

**DOCTOR**

Arthur Makeling, for example.

**MASTER**

I knew you, Doctor, the moment you blustered into the exhibition hall. I knew I had you.

**HEATHER**

But you rejected his application to Dominus!

**DOCTOR**

For the sake of verisimilitude, I presume. Drawing the net tighter still.

**MASTER**

Not really. But it gave me pleasure to contemplate your outraged reaction. I could not resist.

**DOCTOR**

I wasn't outraged. I was merely piqued.

**HEATHER**

Yeah, hopping piqued.

**MASTER**

Then I am satisfied. I'm not too proud to admit, Doctor Threadstone, that the Doctor has come close to besting me on several occasions in the past.

**DOCTOR**

'Close to'?!

**MASTER**

Let's not quibble.

**DOCTOR**

You could have just asked for my help, fixing your TARDIS - rather than going to all this trouble.

**MASTER**

It's been no trouble, I assure you.

**HEATHER**

No trouble? What you did to all those people was no trouble?

**MASTER**

What 'people'?

**DOCTOR**

She means the scientists you lured here.

**MASTER**

Oh. Well, they're not 'people', not any more. Mere leftovers, with blank spaces in their brains where their minds used to be. I thought at first I would have to dispose of them. But they've turned out to be useful.

**DOCTOR**

They were even more useful when they were real people.

**MASTER**

A matter of opinion. In this state they are superbly amenable to my hypnotic powers. As they have no thoughts of their own...

**DOCTOR**

They'll do whatever you tell them.

**MASTER**

Exactly.

**HEATHER**

You're a monster. An inhuman monster.

**MASTER**

I'm a Time Lord, of course I'm 'inhuman'. But now I really must apologise.

**HEATHER**

You've a lot to apologise for.

**DOCTOR**

You don't know the half of it, Heather. Not even the smallest fraction.

**MASTER**

I meant I must apologise for leaving you.

**DOCTOR**

Not staying to gloat some more?

**MASTER**

Sadly not. There is much I have to do before I'm ready for you, Doctor. But I'm sure you and the other doctor will be able to amuse yourselves until I get back. Even if you can't actually move, at least you can talk.

**DOCTOR**

YAWNS

Are you still here?

**MASTER**

In fact, you have my sympathy, Doctor Threadstone. In my experience, stopping him from talking is the problem.

**HEATHER**

I'd rather listen to him than you.

**MASTER**

Well, there's no accounting for taste.

**DOCTOR**

Bye then.

**MASTER**

Come with me.

(FX: THE MASTER AND THE BLANKS EXIT.)

**HEATHER**

I thought he'd leave those things behind to watch us.

**DOCTOR**

Perhaps he needs them for something else. Or perhaps he's just arrogant enough to believe we can't possibly escape.

**HEATHER**

Can we escape?

(FX: THE DOCTOR STRAINS AT HIS BONDS.)

**DOCTOR**

No, actually, I don't think we can. Sorry.

CUT TO:

---

**52.        INT. DOMINUS CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: THE MASTER AND THE BLANKS WALKING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

**MASTER**

Thank you for your help, my friends. Now then, back to the laboratory to set up the final tests...

FADE OUT:

---



**53.        INT. DAMIEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER ARE STRUGGLING TO FREE THEMSELVES - WITHOUT SUCCESS.)

**HEATHER**

These cables won't budge. Are you having any luck?

**DOCTOR**

Sadly not. The knots are too tight.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE.)

**HEATHER**

Too late anyway. He's coming back.

**DOCTOR**

Just be ready to take any chance we get to escape.

**HEATHER**

Right.

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS, AND GOBERNAR ENTERS.)

**GOBERNAR**

What are you doing here?

**DOCTOR**

Not an awful lot actually.

**GOBERNAR**

I was looking for Damien.

**HEATHER**

Sir Andrew - can you untie us? Please?

**GOBERNAR**

But who tied you up?

**HEATHER**

Damien, who do you think?!

**DOCTOR**

Sir Andrew, listen to me - the man you know as 'Damien Scott' is someone else entirely. A criminal mastermind called the Master.

**GOBERNAR**

The Master?

**HEATHER**

Look, we can discuss it later. Just untie us.

**GOBERNAR**

Damien is the Master.

**DOCTOR**

Yes, that's right.

**GOBERNAR**

He is the Master... And I must obey him.

**HEATHER**

What?!

**DOCTOR**

Oh no. He's hypnotised. Of course, he'd have to be. The Master takes no chances.

**HEATHER**

But - Sir Andrew, please. You have to help us!

**GOBERNAR**

If Damien tied you up, I'm sure he had his reasons. We're so close now, so very close.

**DOCTOR**

Sir Andrew - listen to me. Damien - the Master - he's controlling your mind.

**GOBERNAR**

My mind? No, you're wrong. It's not about my mind. It's my sister's mind.

**HEATHER**

Your sister's?

**GOBERNAR**

She's getting worse. The dementia. Damien is going to help. He can get her mind, her memories - he can get them back.

**DOCTOR**

I seriously doubt that. Look - you have to listen to me. The Master is controlling you, but you can break free of him.

**GOBERNAR**

MONOTONE

Break free... I can break free.

**HEATHER**

Of course you can. Just untie us, and we can help you.

**GOBERNAR**

CONFUSED

Yes. No - I must obey the Master.

**HEATHER**

Oh it's no use.

**DOCTOR**

We mustn't give up yet. Without the Master's constant attention, the human mind struggles to break free. Sir Andrew, listen to me very carefully.

**GOBERNAR**

Listen. Yes?

**DOCTOR**

The Master is controlling your mind. But we can help you. Look into my eyes. That's it. Now concentrate. Think about what's happening here. Shouldn't you be in charge of Dominus, not Damien Scott?

**GOBERNAR**

In charge... Yes... I am in charge of Dominus.

**DOCTOR**

That's it. Remember how it was before you met Damien. Can't you see how he's controlling your mind?

(GOBERNAR LETS OUT A DEEP BREATH. THE MASTER'S CONTROL IS SUDDENLY BROKEN AND HE IS HIMSELF, THOUGH CONFUSED.)

**GOBERNAR**

Doctor Smith? And Doctor Threadstone... Why are you here? Why are you tied up?

**DOCTOR**

At last. Just untie us and we'll explain everything.

**GOBERNAR**

Yes. Yes, of course.

(FX: SLOW HAND CLAPPING AS THE MASTER ENTERS THE ROOM.)

**HEATHER**

Oh no.

**GOBERNAR**

Damien, thank goodness you're here. Quick, help me untie them.

**MASTER**

I'm afraid that won't be possible.

**GOBERNAR**

Why not? What are you talking about?

**MASTER**

Though I do appreciate your efforts, Doctor, I am afraid they have been in vain.

**DOCTOR**

You won't win, you know.

**MASTER**

Oh but I already have.

**GOBERNAR**

What's he talking about? Damien?

**MASTER**

Sir Andrew, look at me. Do you know who I am?

**GOBERNAR**

You are... You are...

**TRANCE-LIKE**

You are the Master, and I must obey you.

**HEATHER**

Well that could have gone better.

CUT TO:

---

**54.        EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

(FX: THREADSTONE IS EXAMINING THE LANDROVER. HE SLAMS THE BONNET SHUT.)

**THREADSTONE**

(TO HIMSELF)

Looks like I'm walking the rest of the way.

(TO DEAD BLANK)

I'm sorry about that, old man. But from what the Doctor said, I think you were dead long before you stumbled into the road and got hit by me. (A THOUGHT) Except... if there was one of you on the road... there might be others. I'd better head back to Dominus...

(FX: HE STARTS TO WALK.)

CUT TO:

---

**55.        INT. DAMIEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

(FX: SEVERAL BLANKS ENTER.)

**MASTER**

Ah, my friends. I assume then that everything is prepared.

**GOBERNAR**

Damien?

**MASTER**

The Master - remember?

**GOBERNAR**

The Master... No - you're Damien Scott. What's going on here?

**DOCTOR**

That's it, Sir Andrew - struggle against him. Remember your sister. The dementia. The reason you got mixed up in all this.

**GOBERNAR**

Damien. Doctor Smith says you can't help my sister. Have you been lying to me?

**MASTER**

It is so very inconvenient when people exhibit self-will.

**GOBERNAR**

What about my sister?

**MASTER**

Your name, Sir Andrew, is the reason you got 'mixed up' in all this.

**GOBERNAR**

My... name?

**DOCTOR**

'Gobernar'. It means 'Master'.

**MASTER**

A wealthy businessman with a name like that? How could I possibly resist such a target?

**HEATHER**

Now do you see, Sir Andrew?

**GOBERNAR**

Damien - untie these people at once. If you won't do it, then I will.

**MASTER**

Such a shame... Kill him, my creatures.

**GOBERNAR**

What?

**HEATHER**

You can't!

(FX: THE BLANKS CLOSE IN ON GOBERNAR.)

**BLANK**

Kill... Kill... Kill...

**GOBERNAR**

Please! You're not serious. Damien...!

**DOCTOR**

Stop this!

**GOBERNAR**

(THROTTLED) Please...!

(FX: HIS BODY SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

ANGRY

There was no need for that!

**MASTER**

Like I said. So inconvenient.

**HEATHER**

They killed him!

**MASTER**

They are very obliging. And now I really am in charge of the Institute, which makes things a lot easier.

**HEATHER**

A man just died!

**MASTER**

Which does present me with one small problem, I admit. Although not an insurmountable one.

**DOCTOR**

You always were quicker to kill than to think.

**MASTER**

I need to conduct just one more experiment to make certain of a few things. And then I shall be ready to remove your memories, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

How very exciting. I can't wait.

**MASTER**

That experiment will of course result in the creation of another Blank.

**HEATHER**

More killing?

**MASTER**

Oh, it's not death. Not technically.

**HEATHER**

You can't call it living!

**MASTER**

You can judge for yourself soon, Doctor Threadstone. You see, I was going to use Sir Andrew for the experiment, but now that he is unavailable, I shall have to use you instead.

**HEATHER**

What? No - you can't!

**MASTER**

Untie her and bring her to the lab.

(FX: THE BLANKS UNTIE HEATHER.)

**DOCTOR**

No - leave her! You can't do this. I'll submit to your process, but just leave Heather alone.

**MASTER**

Oh no, Doctor. I have to be sure the process will work. Now, bring her.

**HEATHER**

Doctor?!

(FX: THE BLANKS DRAG HEATHER FROM THE ROOM.)

**HEATHER (CONT'D)**

Doctor - do something. Help me!

**DOCTOR**

SHOUTING AFTER THEM

Don't worry, Heather! I will! Somehow!

**MASTER**

AMUSED

You really won't, you know. But don't you worry, Doctor - it will be your turn soon enough.

(FX: THE MASTER FOLLOWS THE BLANKS AND HEATHER OUT OF THE ROOM.

ALONE, THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES TO ESCAPE.)

FADE OUT:

---



**56. INT. DOMINUS CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: THREADSTONE PADS TO STOP.)

**THREADSTONE**

LOW, TO HIMSELF

Doctor...? Heather...? Are you there...?

(FX: THE MASTER AND THE BLANKS APPROACH, DRAGGING HEATHER. WE HEAR THEM A SHORT WAY OFF.)

**HEATHER**

Stop them! They're hurting me...!

**MASTER**

Then I advise you not to struggle. My Blanks no longer comprehend 'gentle'.

**THREADSTONE**

LOW, TO HIMSELF

Oh no...!

(FX: THREADSTONE OPENS A DOOR AND DUCKS INSIDE.

THE MASTER AND THE BLANKS DRAGGING HEATHER GO PAST. AS THEY FADE INTO THE DISTANCE, THREADSTONE EMERGES.)

**THREADSTONE (CONT'D)**

LOW, TO HIMSELF

Heather!

SIGHS

Useless old man. There's nothing you can do on your own. Where's the Doctor gone...?

(FX: HE HEADS DOWN THE CORRIDOR - THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM THE MASTER.)

FADE OUT:

---

57. INT. DAMIEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR IS STILL STRUGGLING IN VAIN TO BREAK FREE.)

**DOCTOR**

EFFORT

If I ever get out of here I'm going to get UNIT to send me on that escapology course that Jo did..

(FX: THREADSTONE ENTERS.)

**THREADSTONE**

Doctor!

**DOCTOR**

Professor - thank goodness. The Master's got Heather.

**THREADSTONE**

I know, I saw. Let's get you out of that chair.

(FX: THREADSTONE UNTIES THE DOCTOR.)

**DOCTOR**

But why did you come back?

**THREADSTONE**

I ran into one of those zombified people. Literally. In the Landrover. Which ended up in a ditch.

**DOCTOR**

Lucky for me.

**THREADSTONE**

Doctor, if we head for the pub and call UNIT - will they get here in time?

**DOCTOR**

I'm afraid not. Things are moving much too fast for that.

(FX: AND THE DOCTOR IS FREE.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Ah - thank you.

**THREADSTONE**

But - Heather?!

**DOCTOR**

It's all right, I know where they're taking her. So let's go and get her back.

**THREADSTONE**

Thank you, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

Oh no - thank you. Come on.

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND THREADSTONE EXIT. AS THEY GO:)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

On the way I'll tell you what's going on. And see if I can't get some feeling back into my fingers...

FADE OUT:

---

**58. INT. HIDDEN LABORATORY - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: EQUIPMENT HUMMING AWAY.

IN THE BACKGROUND, THE BLANKS ARE SECURING HEATHER TO THE TABLE.)

**MASTER**

Secure her on the table.

**HEATHER**

(TO BLANKS) What are you doing? Please. You were people once. Don't you remember?

**MASTER**

Strap her down while I set up the equipment!

(FX: CLOSER TO US, THE DOCTOR AND THREADSTONE CREEP INTO THE LABORATORY.

THEY SPEAK IN WHISPERS:)

**THREADSTONE**

We have to help her.

**DOCTOR**

We can't just rush in. We need to think of something to distract those creatures while the Master's busy at the other end of the lab.

**THREADSTONE**

Like what?

**DOCTOR**

I don't know. - You said you were carrying a primitive smartphone?

**THREADSTONE**

The man in the shop said it was top of the range.

**DOCTOR**

Show me.

**THREADSTONE**

All right. But I told you, I can't get a signal.

**DOCTOR**

I'm not trying to make a call. The main power feed to the lab looks to be an adaptation of contemporary technology. If that's so... it ought to be Bluetooth compatible.

**THREADSTONE**

So...?

**DOCTOR**

So... if I'm terribly clever, I might be able to turn off the lights remotely. Or set off an alarm. Something.

**THREADSTONE**

And when you've done that, we rush in and grab Heather?

**DOCTOR**

Yes. Only we don't exit the way we came. There's a tunnel leading from the back of the lab. That doorway, see?

**THREADSTONE**

Got it. – Hurry it up, then!

**DOCTOR**

I'm trying. My fingers are still numb.

**THREADSTONE**

You're trying to turn the lights off?

**DOCTOR**

Yes.

**THREADSTONE**

Wouldn't it be simpler to use the light switch?

**DOCTOR**

No, because... (TRAILS OFF) What switch? Where?

**THREADSTONE**

Beside us. Here.

**DOCTOR**

Well, why didn't you say...?

**THREADSTONE**

Sorry.

**DOCTOR**

On my count. Three, two, one... go.

(FX: SWITCH CLICKS. STRIP LIGHTING FLICKERS OFF)

**BLANKS**

(ALARM)

**MASTER**

This backwards backwater! I thought we'd moved on from the era of power cuts. – No. Wait. My equipment's still working. Which means – the Doctor!

**BLANKS**

(CONFUSION – CONTINUE TO GROAN AND MOAN THROUGH:)

**MASTER**

I know it's dark, you blanks, you stiffs, you worse than senseless things! Get to the door! Turn the lights on! – Must I do everything myself...?

(FX: HE MARCHES OVER TO THE DOORWAY, FOLLOWED BY BLANKS. SUMLTANEOUSLY, THREADSTONE AND DOCTOR RUN OVER TO HEATHER.)

**HEATHER**

Dad?! Doctor-?!

**DOCTOR**

I'll free her feet.

**THREADSTONE**

That's it. Go!

**MASTER**

SHOUTING ACROSS

They're with the woman! Stop them!

(FX: THEY HELP HEATHER OFF THE TABLE AS THE BLANKS CLOSE IN.)

**BLANKS**

Stop them... Stop them...

**DOCTOR**

The tunnel, quickly!

(FX: THEY RACE TO THE TUNNEL.)

**MASTER**

SHOUTING

Get after them. Bring them back here!

(FX: THE BLANKS HEAD AFTER THE DOCTOR, THREADSTONE AND HEATHER.)

FADE OUT:

---

**59. INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR, THREADSTONE AND HEATHER ARE RUNNING DOWN THE TUNNEL. THREADSTONE RUNS TO STOP. THE OTHERS STOP A BEAT LATER.)

**THREADSTONE**

BREATHLESS

I'm not really up to all this running about.

**HEATHER**

Dad, they'll be right behind us!

**DOCTOR**

If we can't speed up... we need to slow them down.

**THREADSTONE**

Phone. - Give me back my phone!

**HEATHER**

If we can't get a signal outside, we certainly can't get one in here!

**DOCTOR**

Quite.

**THREADSTONE**

(SWIPING AT PHONE) I'm not trying to get a signal. Menu, menu! Why do they insist on calling it a menu? Food's what you get on a damn menu.

(FX: SHUFFLING UP IN DISTANCE BEHIND, CONTINUING REPETITIVELY:)

**BLANKS**

Stop them... Stop them... [ETC]

**HEATHER**

Dad... whatever you're doing... we need to hurry!

**THREADSTONE**

They're Blanks. They're mindless. So I'm willing to bet they don't know the difference between me and a recording of my voice?

**DOCTOR**

We don't have time for this!

**THREADSTONE**

I know. So here's one I made earlier.

(FX: PLAY IN, OVER PHONE SPEAKER, THREADSTONE'S VOICE FROM SC 13:)

**[THREADSTONE**

*Right, hopefully this thing is recording. There's no phone signal, but that shouldn't affect the recorder app... I found a point where*

*the perimeter fence had been pretty much flattened by bushes and shrubs growing over it. Now I'm just inside with a good view of the castle. Well, as good as dusk will allow. There's nothing happening at the moment... No, wait, there's a light in one of the windows! Yes, someone's in, that's for certain. I'll see if I can get a closer view.*

*(FX: THREADSTONE PUSHES THROUGH MORE UNDERGROWTH.)*

**THREADSTONE (CONT'D)**

*There's a figure. Several figures. Can't quite make them out. I should have brought binoculars. But there is something odd about them. They're moving like – ohh, I don't know. In an unco-ordinated fashion. Like they're in a daze. I'll wait until it gets properly dark, then see if I can get any closer.]*

**DOCTOR**

Excellent! There's a crack in the wall – may I? (JAMMING PHONE IN CRACK) If I wedge the phone in here...

**THREADSTONE**

That'll keep the beggars busy!

**HEATHER**

Come on, quick!

*(FX: THEY RUN.)*

A MOMENT LATER, BLANKS ARRIVE, CLUSTERING AROUND THE CONTINUING RECORDING, GROANING REPETITIVELY.)

**BLANKS**

Stop them... Stop them... Intruders... Stop... Kill... Intruders... [ETC]

FADE TO:

---



60. **EXT. CAVES ON BEACH - NIGHT**

(FX: WAVES LAPPING AGAINST THE SHORE, ETC.)

THE DOCTOR, THREADSTONE AND HEATHER EMERGE FROM THE TUNNEL.)

**HEATHER**

Are we safe now?

**DOCTOR**

For the moment. With any luck, they'll have jammed themselves in that tiny tunnel.

**THREADSTONE**

Does that mean I can get my breath back?

**DOCTOR**

Yes. But be quick. I'd like to go back to the castle.

**HEATHER**

Why, what's up there?

**DOCTOR**

The laboratory we just escaped from contained highly advanced equipment that, if properly calibrated, could implant memories, experience, intellect into the mind.

**HEATHER**

Yes, that's what the Master said he was up to.

**DOCTOR**

Except... I didn't see anything there that could remove those memories, etcetera. How was he intending to do that, is the question that leaps to the forefront of my brain.

**THREADSTONE**

You think he might have another laboratory up at the castle?

**DOCTOR**

It's possible.

**HEATHER**

What about that poor woman we saw? The one chained up in the cellars?

**DOCTOR**

Yes, she may well be able to help us. Certainly, we ought to help her.

(FX: THEY KEEP WALKING TOWARDS THE PATH UP TO THE CLIFFS.)

FADE OUT:

---

**61. INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

THE DOCTOR, HEATHER AND THREADSTONE TALKING AS THEY WALK:)

**HEATHER**

There don't seem to be any of the blank creatures here.

**THREADSTONE**

The Master's probably got them all at the Institute.

**DOCTOR**

That seems likely. But let's keep our wits about us anyway.

**THREADSTONE**

So who is this lady the Master's keeping prisoner?

**DOCTOR**

An excellent question. And one to which I hope we shall soon have an answer. The steps are just along here.

(FX: THEY WALK ON.)

FADE OUT:

---

**62.        INT. CASTLE CELLARS - CONTINUOUS**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE DOCTOR, HEATHER AND THREADSTONE APPROACH THE CELL DOOR.)

**DOCTOR**

Here we are.

(FX: THREADSTONE TRIES THE DOOR. IT IS LOCKED.)

**THREADSTONE**

Locked. Can we break it down?

**DOCTOR**

No need.

(FX: THE DOCTOR PRODUCES HIS PICK-LOCK FROM A POCKET AND SETS TO WORK ON THE LOCK.)

**HEATHER**

The Doctor's got a thingummy. Marie Antoinette's.

**THREADSTONE**

Ah. Very handy.

(FX: THE LOCKS TURNS. THE DOCTOR OPENS THE DOOR.)

**DOCTOR**

Et voila.

CUT TO:

---

**63.        INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: THE DOCTOR, HEATHER AND THREADSTONE ENTER THE CELL.)

**LEACH**

Who - who are you?

**DOCTOR**

I'm the Doctor, these are Professor and Doctor Threadstone.

**HEATHER**

Don't worry, we're here to help.

**DOCTOR**

Let's start by getting you out of these chains.

**LEACH**

Thank you.

(FX: THE DOCTOR SETS TO WORK ON THE CHAINS.)

**DOCTOR**

Why is the Master keeping you here, do you know?

**LEACH**

You know the Master?

**THREADSTONE**

Unfortunately.

(FX: THE DOCTOR UNDOES THE LAST OF THE CHAINS.)

**DOCTOR**

There you go.

**LEACH**

Then I assume you know the Master was himself once a prisoner here.

**THREADSTONE**

So we gathered.

**DOCTOR**

But why is this place so important to him? Why has he come back?

**LEACH**

When he was held here, all those decades ago, the Master used stolen time Lord technology to set a trap.

**HEATHER**

What sort of trap?

**LEACH**

A trap for a very particular kind of creature. It took years for the trap to work. And by the time it did..

**DOCTOR**

The Master was long gone.

**LEACH**

That's right. But once it had been drawn here, the creature found itself stuck – held captive in a stasis field, still active despite the Master's absence.

**THREADSTONE**

And now he's come back for this creature?

**DOCTOR**

Yes, it's all becoming clear.

**HEATHER**

Come on, we should get moving before the Master guesses where we are.

**LEACH**

Of course. Lead the way.

(FX: THEY EXIT THE CELL.)

CUT TO:

---

64. INT. CASTLE CELLARS - CONTINUOUS

(FX: THEY EMERGE INTO THE CORRIDOR AND START TOWARDS THE STAIRS.)

**HEATHER**

What sort of creature was it the Master trapped here?

**LEACH**

A mind leach.

**THREADSTONE**

A what?

**DOCTOR**

Of course. A creature that feeds on memories and experiences.

**LEACH**

It extracts them from the minds of others to sustain itself.

**HEATHER**

So that's why there was no equipment for removing memories at the lab.

**DOCTOR**

Exactly. The Master used the leach to remove the scientists' memories and experiences. To create the blanks.

**THREADSTONE**

And he plans to use it to steal your mind too, Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

Once he can channel the memories from the mind leach into himself. That's what the equipment in the lab is for. That's why he needed to experiment on Heather - to make sure that process would work.

**THREADSTONE**

Then we have to find this creature. But where is it?

**LEACH**

I'd have thought that was obvious.

**DOCTOR**

REALISING

Oh no. I think we may have made a rather silly mistake.

**LEACH**

You have... Doctors. Professor.

**HEATHER**

You mean...?

(FX: WEIRD THRUMMING, SUCKING EFFECT BEGINS)

**LEACH**

(BECOMING PROGRESSIVELY MORE MONSTROUS) I am the mind leach. And after being alone in that cell for so long with no access to fresh minds, I am hungry.

(FX: EFFECT STEPS UP)

**HEATHER AND THREADSTONE**

(GASP, AS THEIR MINDS COME UNDER ATTACK)

**LEACH**

So very... very... hungry!

**END OF PART THREE**

**PART FOUR**

**REPRISE:**

(FX: WEIRD THRUMMING, SUCKING EFFECT BEGINS)

**LEACH**

(BECOMING PROGRESSIVELY MORE MONSTROUS) I am the mind leach. And after being alone in that cell for so long with no access to fresh minds, I am hungry.

(FX: EFFECT STEPS UP)

**HEATHER AND THREADSTONE**

(GASP, AS THEIR MINDS COME UNDER ATTACK)

**LEACH**

So very... very... hungry!

SCENE CONTINUES:

**65.     INT. CASTLE CELLARS – NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]**

**HEATHER**

Doctor - my head!

**THREADSTONE**

It's like my brain is burning.

**LEACH**

Food - at last, thoughts and memories...

**DOCTOR**

Stop that! My two friends' minds are not for your consumption!

(FX: SUCKING EFFECT FADES.)

**HEATHER AND THREADSTONE**

(RELAX, RELEASED)

**LEACH**

You, "Doctor". Your mind is barred to me...

**DOCTOR**

Off the menu, I'm afraid. I'm a Time Lord, like the Master. I can resist you, for a time.

**LEACH**

You are also a Time Lord?!



**DOCTOR**

Heather, Professor – get away from here. Head back to the castle entrance, I'll try to meet you there.

**HEATHER**

But will you be [all right?]

**DOCTOR**

Don't argue, just run!!!

(FX: HEATHER AND THREADSTONE RUN.)

THE MIND LEACH SNARLS IN ANGER.)

**LEACH**

I will not be denied sustenance!

**DOCTOR**

I knew I could resist you, Leach. The Master can, obviously. And anything the Master does, I can do better!

CUT TO:

---

66. INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

(FX: THREADSTONE AND HEATHER ARE RUNNING.)

**HEATHER**

Will the Doctor really be all right?

**THREADSTONE**

We just have to trust that he knows what he's doing.

**HEATHER**

How long do we wait for him?

**THREADSTONE**

We'll give him ten minutes. If he's not found us by then, we'll head to the pub.

**HEATHER**

And then what?

**THREADSTONE**

Call UNIT.

(FX: THEY RUN ON.)

FADE OUT:

---

67. INT. CASTLE CELLARS - CONTINUOUS

(FADE IN:

**DOCTOR**

The question is, what to do with you, eh?

**LEACH**

Do with me?

**DOCTOR**

I think you're as much a victim in this as those poor people whose minds you've ripped away.

**LEACH**

I have to feed.

**DOCTOR**

Which is why I can't let you out of this castle.

(FX: A GROUP OF BLANKS APPROACHES DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

**BLANKS**

(MOANING: FAINT AT FIRST BUT GETTING LOUDER AS THEY GET CLOSER.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

LOW

You hear that? We've got company.

**LEACH**

We must leave. Escape.

**DOCTOR**

Too late for that!

(FX: THE BLANKS CROWD ROUND THEM.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

And I'm guessing that as you've already fed on these people, they have no minds to eat, so you can't stop them.

**LEACH**

Don't let them take me back to the cell, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

I don't think they're likely to listen to my advice. The Master can't be far behind. I'm going to hide in this alcove, Leach, and I'm going to trust you not to give me away.

**LEACH**

Why should I not?

**DOCTOR**

Because I'm the best chance you'll ever have of escaping him.

**LEACH**

Very well.

**DOCTOR**

I'll do what I can for you.

(FX: THE DOCTOR PUSHES THROUGH THE BLANKS AND DUCKS INTO AN ALCOVE AS THE MASTER APPROACHES.)

**MASTER**

APPROACHING FROM OFF

Ah - my little vampire of the mind. Going for a walk? We can't allow that, I'm afraid.

**LEACH**

Master! I am hungry! I must be free...!

**MASTER**

How did you get out? Don't tell me: the Doctor. Or one of his associates. Blanks: follow me. We must return this creature to her cell.

(FX: THE BLANKS DRAG THE MIND LEACH AWAY.)

**LEACH**

Please! I must feed!

**MASTER**

(FADING AS HE WALKS) Oh you'll feed soon enough. I have a real treat waiting for you. Just as soon as I find the Doctor...

BEAT.

**DOCTOR**

LOW, TO HIMSELF

Let's hope you don't find me any time soon then.

(FX: HE SETS OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.)

FADE OUT:

---

**68.        INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

(FADE IN: DOCTOR HURRIES ALONG THE CORRIDOR.)

**HEATHER**

Doctor!

(FX: THE DOCTOR SKIDS TO A HALT.)

**DOCTOR**

Ah, there you are.

**THREADSTONE**

We thought it best to keep out of sight.

**DOCTOR**

Very wise.

**HEATHER**

What happened to the... Mind vampire thing?

**DOCTOR**

The Master and his blanks found her. Fortunately I managed to slip away unseen.

**THREADSTONE**

So what now? Call UNIT?

**DOCTOR**

No, there's no time for that. And anyway, I have a plan.

**HEATHER**

What do we do?

**DOCTOR**

You two head back to the Dominus Institute. I don't know whether the Master's managed to free the Blank jam in the tunnel, so you'd better take the long way.

**THREADSTONE**

And what about you?

**DOCTOR**

I'm going to sneak back down to the cellars and have a quiet word with our mind leach friend.

**HEATHER**

You're mad!

**DOCTOR**

Very probably, but only north north west. Now, while I do that, here's what I want you two to do when you get back to Dominus...

FADE OUT.

**69.        EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: HEATHER AND THREADSTONE MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE GROUNDS. THEY SPEAK IN LOW VOICES.)

**HEATHER**

There are a few blanks over that way, Dad. Look, you can see them through the trees.

(FX: THEY STOP.)

**THREADSTONE**

Then they're right between us and the hole in the fence where I drove through.

**HEATHER**

That doesn't matter. If we go that way, we'll find the hole the Doctor and I made when we got in.

**THREADSTONE**

All right. Then we'll have to circle round to get back to the road to the Institute.

(FX: THEY HEAD OFF AGAIN, FADING AS THEY MOVE AWAY FROM US:)

**HEATHER**

Well, at least it's not raining.

**THREADSTONE**

You understand what the Doctor wants us to do?

**HEATHER**

I think so. I guess we'll find out.

FADE OUT:

---

**70.        INT. CELL - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE CELL DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR ENTERS.)

**LEACH**

You came back.

**DOCTOR**

Yes, but not to set you free, I'm afraid. At least, not yet.

**LEACH**

Not yet?

**DOCTOR**

No. First of all, we need to talk. I have a proposition for you.

CUT TO:

---

**71. INT. DOMINUS BASEMENT - NIGHT**

(FX: THREADSTONE AND HEATHER ARE MAKING THEIR WAY CAUTIOUSLY ALONG THE CORRIDOR.)

**HEATHER**

LOW

There's a hidden door just along here.

**THREADSTONE**

LOW

I know. The Doctor showed me when we came to find you earlier.

**HEATHER**

LOW

Let's just hope that between us we can figure out how to open it.

CUT TO:

---



72. INT. CELL - NIGHT

**LEACH**

You would do that, Doctor? You will help me escape from the Master's control?

**DOCTOR**

If I can. But I need your help too. Will you do what I have asked?

**LEACH**

Of course. I have done terrible things to the people here..

**DOCTOR**

(DISTASTE) I know.

**LEACH**

But I had no choice. And, at first, I did not know what I was doing.

**DOCTOR**

I know that, too. You're from Carmentia, aren't you?

**LEACH**

**SURPRISED**

You know of my world?

**DOCTOR**

I do. And I know that you're just trying to survive. The population of Carmentia are all telepathic, so everyone's thoughts and memories are there for the taking.

**LEACH**

I assumed the people here were the same. They look like the people on my world. Feeding on the thoughts, on the minds of my own people does no harm. It keeps our consciousness sustained as much as food and drink keeps our bodies alive.

**DOCTOR**

I know. But I'm afraid here it's rather different.

**LEACH**

As I discovered. But without... suitable minds to feed on, I should have died.

**DOCTOR**

The reason why the Master targeted superior minds. To keep you fed.

**LEACH**

Perhaps it would have been better to have starved me.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH FROM OUTSIDE.)

**DOCTOR**

**LOW**

Someone's coming.

**LEACH**

LOW

You must go.

**DOCTOR**

LOW

Too late, I'm afraid.

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS AND THE MASTER ENTERS.)

**MASTER**

SURPRISED

Doctor!

**DOCTOR**

It's all right, I was just leaving.

(FX: THE DOCTOR RUNS OUT THE DOOR.)

**MASTER**

AMUSED

I'm sorry, Doctor, but there is no way out.

CUT TO:

---

**73.        INT. CASTLE CELLARS - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: THE DOCTOR RUNS OUT OF THE CELL - STRAIGHT INTO A GROUP OF BLANKS, GRUNTING AND MOANING AS USUAL.)

**DOCTOR**

Not you lot again!

(FX: THE MASTER EMERGES FROM THE CELL BEHIND HIM.)

**MASTER**

Hold him.

(FX: THE BLANKS GRAB THE DOCTOR.)

**BLANK**

Hold... Hold... Hold...

**DOCTOR**

Get off me!

(FX: BUT HE CAN'T BREAK FREE. WITH A SIGH, THE DOCTOR STOPS STRUGGLING.)

**MASTER**

I don't know where your friends have got to, Doctor. But it's you I really need, so we can ignore them for now.

**DOCTOR**

So what happens now? More boring gloating and self-aggrandisement?

**MASTER**

Sadly we don't have the time. Together with your new friend, we're all going back to the Institute.

**DOCTOR**

To your hidden laboratory.

**MASTER**

Exactly. Bring the prisoner too.

(FX: SEVERAL BLANKS ENTER THE CELL.)

FADE OUT:

---

74. **EXT. DOMINUS INSTITUTE - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE BLANKS ARE LEADING THE DOCTOR AND THE MIND LEACH DOWN A CORRIDOR. THE MASTER IS WITH THEM.)

**DOCTOR**

You realise, of course, that by now Professor Threadstone and his daughter will have got a boat back to the mainland and contacted UNIT.

**MASTER**

The thought had occurred to me.

**LEACH**

Who is this UNIT?

**DOCTOR**

A military and intelligence organisation that is supremely qualified to deal with people like the Master.

**MASTER**

It will take UNIT a while to mobilise and to get here.

**DOCTOR**

I'm quite happy to wait.

**MASTER**

But I am not. So sadly we shall have to dispense with the final test I had planned, and proceed straight to the end game.

**DOCTOR**

My mind?

**MASTER**

If I were you, Doctor, right now I'd be thinking of all the happy times. Because in just a short while, all those memories will be gone forever.

(FX: THEY WALK ON.)

FADE OUT:

---

**75. INT. HIDDEN LABORATORY - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

FX: THREADSTONE AND HEATHER ARE WORKING AT THE EQUIPMENT - CLICKS OF SWITCHES, BLEEPs FROM THE MACHINERY, ETC.)

**THREADSTONE**

Like this, Heather?

**HEATHER**

I think so. Almost done now.

**THREADSTONE**

Good. How long do you think we've got?

(FX: THE MASTER, BLANKS, DOCTOR AND MIND LEACH ENTER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.)

**BLANKS**

(MOANING APPROACHING)

**HEATHER**

WHISPERS

I guess that answers your question.

**THREADSTONE**

WHISPERS

Quick, behind the generator.

(FX: THEY DUCK INTO COVER.)

**MASTER**

Attach these two to the equipment, as I showed you earlier.

(FX: ACROSS THE ROOM, THE BLANKS START TO WIRE UP THE DOCTOR AND THE MIND LEACH.)

**DOCTOR**

I assume this is to prevent me from shielding my mind?

**MASTER**

You assume correctly. So our mutual friend can feed.

**HEATHER**

WHISPERS

See that door, Dad?

**THREADSTONE**

WHISPERS

Yes.

**HEATHER**

WHISPERS

That's the other room. We need to get in there to complete the connections.

**THREADSTONE**

WHISPERS

Hands and knees, then. Under the benches. Come on.

(FX: HEATHER AND THREADSTONE MAKE THEIR WAY CAUTIOUSLY ACROSS AND OUT OF THE ROOM.

AS THEY DO:)

**LEACH**

You wish me to drain this man's mind?

**MASTER**

I do. But once we are all connected into the systems.

**DOCTOR**

All connected? You're joining us then?

**MASTER**

When our friend here drains your mind, Doctor, the contents - the memories and experience - will not flow into her mind, but mine.

**LEACH**

But I must feed soon.

**MASTER**

Once you have taken the Doctor's mind, you can feed on as many of the primitive inhabitants of this backward planet as you wish. Any final questions, Doctor, before we complete the last connection?

**DOCTOR**

Two, actually.

**MASTER**

(GRITTED TEETH) If I must.

**DOCTOR**

When your mind is linked into the equipment, what will happen to these blanks of yours?

**MASTER**

Without my mind actively controlling them, they will become directionless, dormant.

**DOCTOR**

I see.

**MASTER**

But only until the process is complete and I am automatically disconnected from the equipment. There won't be any chance for you to escape, if that's what you're thinking.

**DOCTOR**

I wouldn't dream of it.

**MASTER**

Well, I shall know soon enough what you dream of, shan't I, Doctor? Now – you are both fully connected. So it just remains for me to attach myself to the equipment.

**DOCTOR**

Wait! I had two questions, remember?

**MASTER**

(SIGH) Yes?

**DOCTOR**

Why do you need my mind to repair your TARDIS, exactly? Your knowledge of temporal mechanics is almost as good as mine.

**MASTER**

It... was. But my memory has become... unreliable, lately.

**DOCTOR**

Unreliable?

**MASTER**

There are certain... gaps in my mind. Gaps in my knowledge.

**DOCTOR**

That's old age for you. It comes to us all, old friend. To me, even. I can't think why I didn't recognise this island right away.

**MASTER**

I am not... senile, Doctor! No. Something happened to me. A short while ago. Something painful.

FX: REVERSE ECHO INTO BRIEF FLASH-FORWARD TO 'THE TWO MASTERS' – SCENE 47 [PAGE 94]:

([SEBASTIAN] SLAMS A LEVER DOWN. BIG BURST OF ENERGY, BUZZING. THE MASTERS REACT IN AGONY)

**NEW MASTER/DECAYED MASTER:**

Gaaaah!

FX: BACK TO:

**DOCTOR**

Painful? Oh, I see! Post-regenerative trauma! I promise you, that will fade. Your memories will return.

**MASTER**

(MUSING) Post-regenerative trauma...?

FX: REVERSE ECHO INTO BRIEF FLASH-FORWARD TO 'THE TWO MASTERS' —  
SCENE 52 [TOP OF PART FOUR]:

*(WITH A BLAZE OF ANDROZANI-LIKE REGENERATION ENERGY, THE NEW MASTER  
SNAPS AWAKE - THE DECAYED MASTER'S MIND NOW WITHIN)*

**NEW MASTER:**

*(GASP OF WAKING) [...] New hands. New eyes. New... everything. No pain!  
How... wondrous!*

CUT BACK TO:

Yes... perhaps. But I do not intend to delay any longer!

CUT TO:

---



**76.        INT. ROOM OUTSIDE HIDDEN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

**HEATHER**

(HISSED) Can you see what's happening, Dad?

**THREADSTONE**

(HISSED BACK) Yes, the Master's connecting himself up now, so we don't have long. (RETURNING; LOW VOICES, BUT NOT WHISPERS) How are you doing with those remote links?

**HEATHER**

This is the last one. If the Doctor's right, it will bypass the main equipment and broadcast on the same mental frequency as the Master's hypnotic control.

**THREADSTONE**

We'll soon find out, it looks like he's connected.

**HEATHER**

Then the process will start automatically.

CUT TO:

---

77. INT. HIDDEN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

(FX: A RISING HUM OF POWER AS THE EQUIPMENT GETS GOING AND THE PROCESS STARTS.)

**MASTER**

Not long now, Doctor. Not long now until your mind is mine!

**DOCTOR**

EFFORT

That's what you think. Remember our agreement.

**MASTER**

Agreement? What agreement?

**DOCTOR**

I wasn't talking to you.

**MASTER**

What?

**LEACH**

Yes, Doctor. I remember.

**MASTER**

No - no, what are you doing?

**LEACH**

I am doing what I agreed with the Doctor - just taking a tiny portion of his mind.

**DOCTOR**

My short term memories. Enough to sustain you, but not so much it will harm me.

**MASTER**

No - stop! I must have his mind. All of it.

**DOCTOR**

I'm afraid not. A portion of my short term memories is going to the mind leach. But if Heather and her father have done their work, then most is being broadcast on the same mental frequency as you use to control the blanks.

**MASTER**

Stop them! This isn't right. You - stop the process and release me from this equipment.

**BLANK**

Wait, watch, and learn.

**MASTER**

What?

**ANOTHER BLANK**

When I say run, run.

**MASTER**

No - listen to me. I am the Master and you will obey me. You must obey me.

**BLANK [MAKELING]**

I must... Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow.

**MASTER**

No!

**DOCTOR**

Hold him!

CUT TO:

---

**78. INT. ROOM OUTSIDE HIDDEN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: WE CAN HEAR THE MASTER FROM THE NEXT ROOM:)

**MASTER**

MUFFLED

Release me! I order you to release me! I am your Master!

(OVER THIS:)

**HEATHER**

Sounds like it's working.

**THREADSTONE**

Yes - yes, I think it is.

**HEATHER**

Then let's get back in there and help the Doctor.

(FX: HEATHER AND THREADSTONE HEAD INTO THE LAB.)

CUT TO:

---

**79.        INT. HIDDEN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: HEATHER AND THREADSTONE ENTER AND HURRY TO THE DOCTOR.  
THE BLANKS MOAN AND GRUNT QUIETLY THROUGHOUT.)

**HEATHER**

Doctor - are you all right?

**MASTER**

You will pay for your meddling!

**DOCTOR**

Oh do be quiet. Yes, thank you, Heather, I'm fine. If you could just disconnect me.

(FX: HEATHER AND THREADSTONE SET ABOUT RELEASING THE DOCTOR.)

**THREADSTONE**

But what happened to Makeling and these others?

**DOCTOR**

A little dose of my short-term memory. They were empty vessels before, now they have the vaguest inkling that they are me.

**HEATHER**

So they won't obey the Master.

**DOCTOR**

Obviously not.

(FX: AND THE DOCTOR IS FREE.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Ah, that's better, thank you. I honestly cannot say that was a pleasure.

**MASTER**

Release me, Doctor. Release me and we can come to an agreement, I'm sure.

**LEACH**

You are already part of an agreement.

**MASTER**

What? What agreement?

**DOCTOR**

Oh yes. I did sort of promise our friend here that if she didn't take my mind..

**MASTER**

Yes?

**DOCTOR**

She could have yours.

**MASTER**

You can't do this!

**DOCTOR**

Of course I can. It's simplicity itself. While you're hooked up to that, I just reset this...

(FX: THE DOCTOR THROWS A SWITCH. THE POWER HUM DROPS, THEN RISES AGAIN.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

And Bob's your uncle. Well, he's not, but you know what I mean.

**THREADSTONE**

So, that's it?

**DOCTOR**

Not quite. Let's get the mind leach disconnected.

**LEACH**

Thank you.

**DOCTOR**

You can take the Master's mind from the main storage bank once it's been drained. Give me a hand, will you, Heather?

**HEATHER**

Of course, Doctor.

(FX: HEATHER AND THE DOCTOR START TO DISCONNECT THE LEACH.

AS THEY WORK, THREADSTONE GOES OVER TO WHERE THE MASTER IS ATTACHED TO THE EQUIPMENT.

THE MASTER IS WEAKENING AS HIS MIND STARTS TO DRAIN.)

**THREADSTONE**

I'll never understand a monster like you.

**MASTER**

I'll take that as a compliment.

**THREADSTONE**

To do this to people - drain their minds and leave them empty. Dead. Or as good as dead.

**MASTER**

As you said, you'll never understand.

**THREADSTONE**

Arthur Makeling was a friend of mine. Now look at him, shambling about aimlessly. Like an empty shell. I guess now you'll find out what it's like.

**MASTER**

You want to know why I did it?

**THREADSTONE**

Can there be a good reason?

**MASTER**

Of course. Come closer and I'll tell you. That's it. The reason is, because I am the Master. Now - look into my eyes.

**THREADSTONE**

FLAT

Look into your eyes.

**MASTER**

I am the Master.

**THREADSTONE**

FLAT

The Master.

**THREADSTONE (CONT'D)**

I am the Master, and you will obey me.

**THREADSTONE (CONT'D)**

FLAT

Yes, Master.

**MASTER**

Now, release me from this equipment.

**THREADSTONE**

FLAT

Yes Master.

(FX: THREADSTONE STARTS TO DISCONNECT THE MASTER.)

ACROSS THE LAB, THE DOCTOR AND HEATHER FINISH DISCONNECTING THE MIND LEACH.)

**HEATHER**

That's the last connector.

**DOCTOR**

There you go.

**LEACH**

Thank you, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

All part of the service, now to deal with -

(HE BREAKS OFF AS HE SEES THREADSTONE IS FREEING THE MASTER.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

SHOUTING

Professor - no!

**HEATHER**

SHOUTING

Dad, what are you doing?

**THREADSTONE**

FLAT

I must obey.

**MASTER**

Thank you for releasing me, Professor. - You really thought you could outwit me, Doctor?

**HEATHER**

We have to stop him.

**LEACH**

The blanked humans, Doctor. They will obey you now your mind is in them.

**DOCTOR**

Of course.

CALLING

Blanks - everyone - stop the Master.

(FX: THE BLANKS GRUNT AND MOAN AND CLOSE IN ON THE MASTER.)

**MASTER**

Do you think I wouldn't have a contingency plan in case my creatures became uncontrollable?

(FX: THE MASTER OPERATES CONTROLS. POWER BUILDS.)

**HEATHER**

What's he doing?

**DOCTOR**

He must be channelling another order to them directly through the equipment.

**MASTER**

My dull Blank friends. You've outlived your usefulness. Now die!!!

**BLANKS**

(CRY OUT AND COLLAPSE - DEAD.)



**LEACH**

A kill order. He has destroyed their minds utterly.

**HEATHER**

We have to do something!

**DOCTOR**

Indeed we do!

**LEACH**

I shall stop him.

**DOCTOR**

No - wait!

(FX: BUT THE MIND LEACH RUNS ACROSS AND GRAPPLES WITH THE MASTER.

OVER THIS:)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

See to your father, Heather. I'll help the mind leach.

**LEACH**

EFFORT

You will die for what you have done to me. For what you have made me do to others.

**MASTER**

EFFORT

I don't think so. You do realise that there's an exposed power transduoid on the main power relay distributor just behind you, don't you?

**LEACH**

What?

**MASTER**

(EFFORT)

Why don't you take a closer look?!

(FX: THE MASTER HURLS THE MIND LEACH AWAY.

THE MIND LEACH CRIES OUT, AND CRASHES INTO A BANK OF EQUIPMENT. THERE IS AN EXPLOSION, SPARKS ETC.

**LEACH**

(SCREAMS AND COLLAPSES - DEAD.)

**DOCTOR**

(RUSHING OVER) No!

**HEATHER**

Don't touch her, Doctor. She's electrified.

**MASTER**

I did warn her.

**DOCTOR**

Heather – power down that thing.

**HEATHER**

It's no use, Doctor.

(FX: THE MASTER RUNS FOR THE TUNNEL AT THE BACK OF THE LAB.)

**HEATHER**

The Master! He's getting away!

**DOCTOR**

He's heading for the tunnel. The Blanks there will be dead now.

CUT TO:

---

**80.        INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS**

(FX: THE MASTER RUNS DOWN THE TUNNEL.)

**MASTER**

TO HIMSELF

You may have got the better of me this time, Doctor. But we'll meet again, that much is inevitable! And then...

(FX: HE HURRIES ON, FOOTSTEPS FADING.)

FADE OUT:

---

**81. INT. HIDDEN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

(FADE IN:

FX: THE EQUIPMENT IS STILL SPARKING AND BURNING WHERE THE MIND LEACH HIT IT.)

**HEATHER**

ANXIOUS

Is Dad... like the others were?

**DOCTOR**

What? Oh no, no, no. The Master hypnotised him, that's all. He didn't have time to do a very thorough job. Now the Master's gone, I imagine his control will lapse and -

(FX: THE DOCTOR BREAKS OFF AS THREADSTONE SUDDENLY BECOMES HIMSELF AGAIN - LIKE JOLTING AWAKE.)

**THREADSTONE**

Woah! What's going on?

**HEATHER**

Dad - you're all right!

**THREADSTONE**

Yes, well, I think so. But what's happened? Where's the Master?

**HEATHER**

You don't remember?

**DOCTOR**

The Master's gone. That's all you need to know.

**THREADSTONE**

And the mind leach thing?

**DOCTOR**

The Master shoved her into the main power relay distributor. Caused quite a bit of damage. I'm afraid she's - (dead)

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS INTERRUPTED BY ANOTHER EXPLOSION FROM THE EQUIPMENT.)

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

I don't like the look of that.

**HEATHER**

The whole system's on fire.

**THREADSTONE**

But if that's the power distributor...

**DOCTOR**

Yes, exactly. I think we should get out of here before the whole place goes up!

(FX: THEY RUN FOR THE DOOR.)

FADE OUT:

---

**82.        INT. DOMINUS CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

THE DOCTOR, HEATHER AND THREADSTONE HURRYING ALONG.)

**DOCTOR**

Which is the way out?

**THREADSTONE**

Don't you remember?

**DOCTOR**

Things do seem a little bit hazy.

**HEATHER**

It's this way.

**DOCTOR**

Thank you, um... Sorry, what was your name again?

**HEATHER**

Heather.

**DOCTOR**

Yes of course. I knew that.

**THREADSTONE**

Are you all right, Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

Of course I am. Fit as ninepence. Right as a fiddle. I just seem to be having trouble remembering the last few days.

**HEATHER**

Your short term memory!

**DOCTOR**

What about it?

**THREADSTONE**

You let the mind leach take it.

**DOCTOR**

What mind leach?

REMEMBERING

Oh yes, the mind leach!

**HEATHER**

The one the Master brought here.

**DOCTOR**

The Master? He was here? No wait, of course he was.

**THREADSTONE**

So you do remember him.

**DOCTOR**

Dressed in black, with a rather sinister dark beard?

**THREADSTONE**

Um, no, actually.

**DOCTOR**

Then there's obviously a lot I don't remember. Like what regeneration he was in, or even what he looked like.

**HEATHER**

Nearly there. The main exit is just ahead.

(FX: THEY RUN ON.)

FADE OUT:

---

**83.        EXT. DOMINUS INSTITUTE - NIGHT**

(FADE IN:

THE DOCTOR, HEATHER AND THREADSTONE RUN FROM THE INSTITUTE,  
BREATHLESS.)

**HEATHER**

Are we far enough away yet, do you think?

**DOCTOR**

Oh I should think so.

**THREADSTONE**

Thank goodness. I don't think I could run another step.

(FX: HE COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND, EXHAUSTED. HEATHER AND THE DOCTOR  
SIT DOWN BESIDE HIM.)

**DOCTOR**

Not much fun is it, getting old?

**THREADSTONE**

Better than the alternative, I suppose.

**HEATHER**

The memory goes, apparently.

**DOCTOR**

Mmmm.

(FX: IN THE DISTANCE, THE DOMINUS INSTITUTE EXPLODES. IT CONTINUES  
TO BURN AS THEY SPEAK:)

**THREADSTONE**

I hope there was no one else in there.

**DOCTOR**

Oh, the Master made sure we were the only people here. He didn't  
want anyone else getting in the way.

**HEATHER**

You remember that, then?

**DOCTOR**

The memory loss is a bit selective. Thankfully, there's nothing  
missing that's too important. Well, not as far as I can remember.

**THREADSTONE**

And what about the Master?

**DOCTOR**

Gone, I expect.



**THREADSTONE**

How?

**DOCTOR**

You didn't happen to see an iron maiden anywhere in the Institute? Or a horse box? Or a grandfather clock?

**HEATHER**

Err...

**DOCTOR**

Never mind. Suffice it to say, I think it's more than likely that he's far away from here by now. Very far away, now I've put the mockers on his latest scheme, which was... (VAGUE) was...?

**HEATHER**

(PROMPT) Something to do with fixing his TARDIS, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

Yes, using my memories to plug the gaps in his own. I wonder what caused them? Was it post-regenerative trauma, or was it... (TRAILS OFF)

**HEATHER**

Was it what?

**DOCTOR**

Was what what?

**HEATHER**

Whatever it was you said. Post-regenerative trauma?

**DOCTOR**

Post-regenerative trauma, you say? Perhaps. I'll have to remember to ask him, next time we meet.

**HEATHER**

If you remember to ask him.

**DOCTOR**

Yes. — Ask him what?

**THREADSTONE**

So, what happens now?

**DOCTOR**

The sun's coming up. I think it's going to be a lovely day.

**HEATHER**

Well, picturesque though it is, I'd rather like to get off this island and back home.

**THREADSTONE**

I couldn't agree more. Though we should stop by the pub so I can tell the landlady which ditch her Landrover needs towing out of. But then, home. All right with you, Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

Yes, I expect you're right. Still it's a nice morning for a brisk walk down to the harbour, and with a bit of luck our friendly boatman will be there.

(FX: THEY GET TO THEIR FEET AND WALK AWAY.)

FADE OUT:

---

**84.        EXT. MAINLAND LANDING JETTY - DAY**

(FADE IN:

FX: WATER LAPPING UP AGAINST THE JETTY. SEA GULLS, ETC.)

**DOCTOR**

Thank you.

**HEATHER**

Sorry to bring you out so early.

**BOATMAN**

Oh that's no problem.

**THREADSTONE**

What do we owe you?

**BOATMAN**

That's all right. Dominus pay me a retainer. Or they used to. Not quite sure what'll happen now after that fire.

**DOCTOR**

I'm sure there will still be people wanting to see the island.

**BOATMAN**

I'm sure there will.

**HEATHER**

You heading back?

**BOATMAN**

No, it's a nice day. I think I'll go for a walk along the beach.

**THREADSTONE**

Well, thank you again.

**BOATMAN**

No problem. You can get a taxi just over there. And the station's only... Well, I'm sure you remember.

**HEATHER**

I'm sure some of us do.

**DOCTOR**

Yes, thank you for that. Enjoy your walk.

**BOATMAN**

Have a safe journey home.

**THREADSTONE**

Thank you.

**HEATHER**

Bye then.

(FX: THE DOCTOR, HEATHER, AND THREADSTONE WALK OFF TO FIND A TAXI,  
FADE THEM AS THEY GO:)

**DOCTOR**

I hope the train will have one of those little trolleys that sells  
biscuits and crisps. And hot liquid that tastes completely unlike  
tea or coffee...

FADE OUT:

---

**85.        EXT. BEACH - DAY**

(FADE IN:

FX: WAVES CRASHING ON THE SHORE.

THE BOATMAN WALKING ALONG THE BEACH, HIS FEET ON SHINGLE.

HE OPERATES A COMMUNICATIONS DEVICE - FUTURISTIC BLEEPS.

HIS VOICE IS FLAT AND TONELESS - HYPNOTISED:)

**BOATMAN**

Hello, can you hear me?

(FX: NOTE THAT WE DO NOT HEAR WHOEVER HE IS SPEAKING TO. LEAVE A PAUSE AT EACH ELLIPSIS FOR THEM TO SPEAK TO THE BOATMAN.)

**BOATMAN (CONT'D)**

The Doctor and his friends have left the island now. The Master escaped in his TARDIS. [...] Yes, I was able to access the Institute, as you instructed. While the Doctor kept him occupied. [...] Yes, I identified his TARDIS. An obsolete computer bank. It was damaged. [...] Yes, the tracking device is now in place. [... LONGISH BEAT...] I understand. Now my work is done, I must walk into the sea.

(FX: THE BOATMAN CLICKS OFF THE COMMUNICATIONS DEVICE, THEN WALKS INTO THE SEA.

THE WAVES GET LOUDER AND HE WADES INTO THEM, AND KEEPS GOING. ALL THE TIME SAYING OVER AND OVER:)

**BOATMAN (CONT'D)**

I must obey... I must obey... I must obey...

(FX: FINALLY, THE WATER CLOSES OVER HIS HEAD. HE GASPS AND SPLUTTERS, AND THEN ALL WE HEAR IS THE MUFFLED UNDERWATER SOUND OF A FEW BUBBLE RISING...)

**-- THE END --**